2/- The Sketch

CHRISTMAS 1950

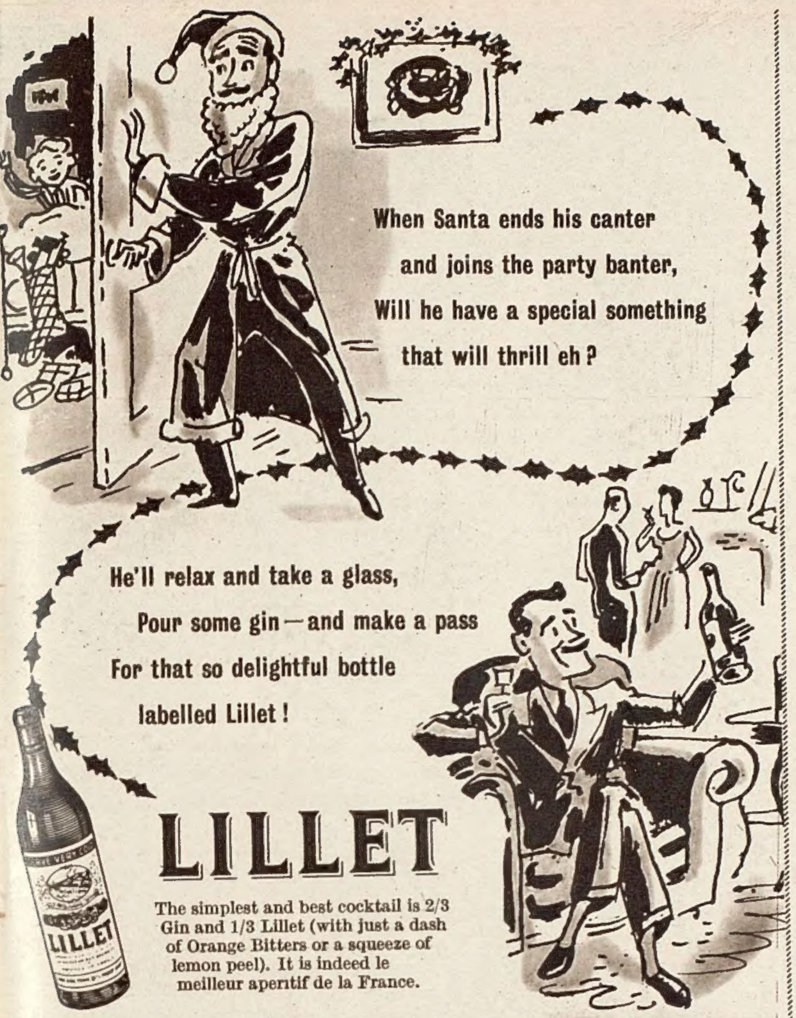
No. 2770. Vol. CCXIII.
December 6, 1950

HIGHWAYS AND HIGHWAYMEN *'Moll Cutpurse'*

'. . she robbed the general, then paid him £2,000'

Mary Frith, (1584?-1659), more commonly known as Moll Cutpurse, from her original profession of cutting purses, was well educated, but hated discipline and the company of her own sex. At an early age she donned man's attire, and after an apprenticeship as a file-clier, cut-purse or pick-pocket, became a highwaywoman. She once robbed General Fairfax on Hounslow Heath, shooting him through the arm because he opposed her, and killing two horses on which his servants rode. She was captured at Turnham Green and was sent to Newgate, but procured her pardon by paying General Fairfax £2,000. These picturesque scoundrels, who once made travelling an ordeal, are dead and gone. But today, thanks to John Boyd Dunlop's invention of the pneumatic tyre, we can travel in safety and comfort past the places that once echoed to the dreaded cry of "Stand and Deliver!"

THIS PICTURE WAS SPECIALLY PAINTED BY STANLEY HERBERT FOR THE DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED



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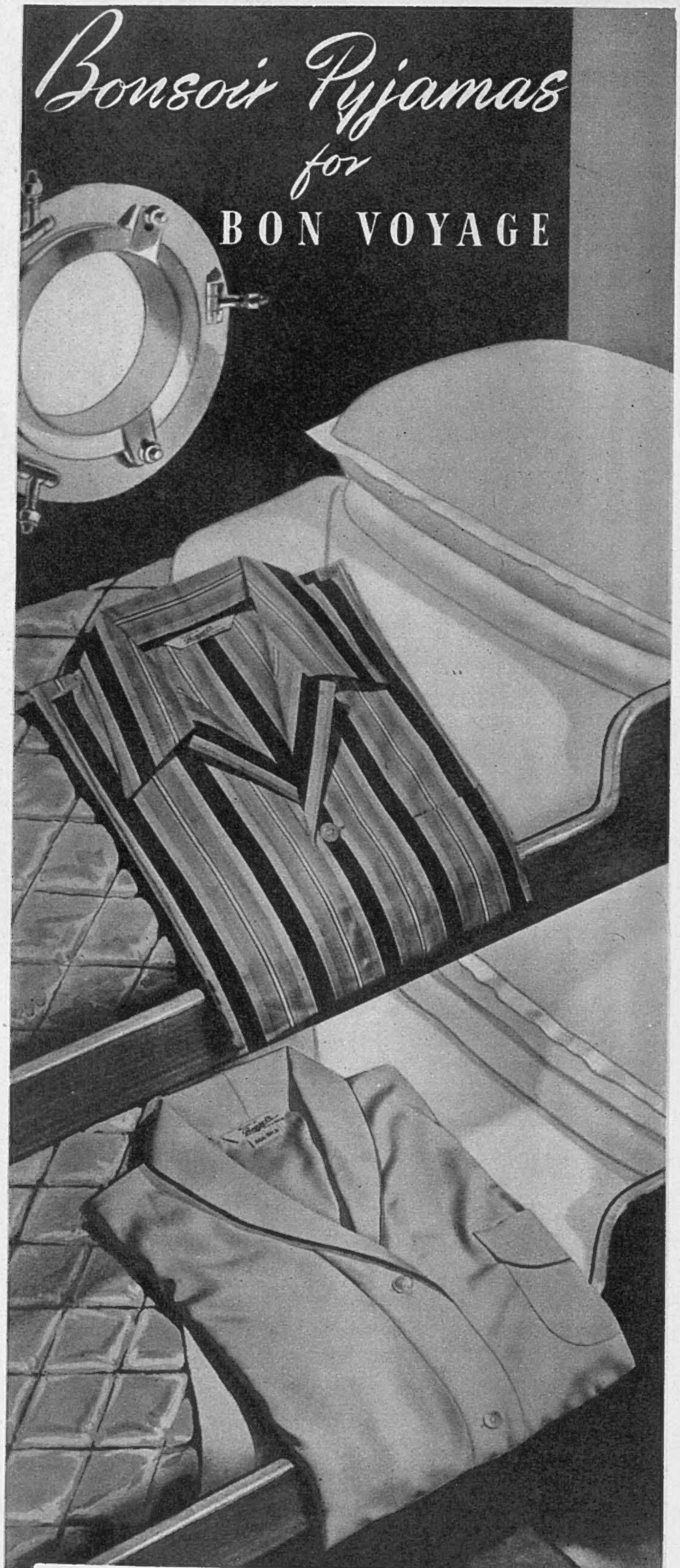

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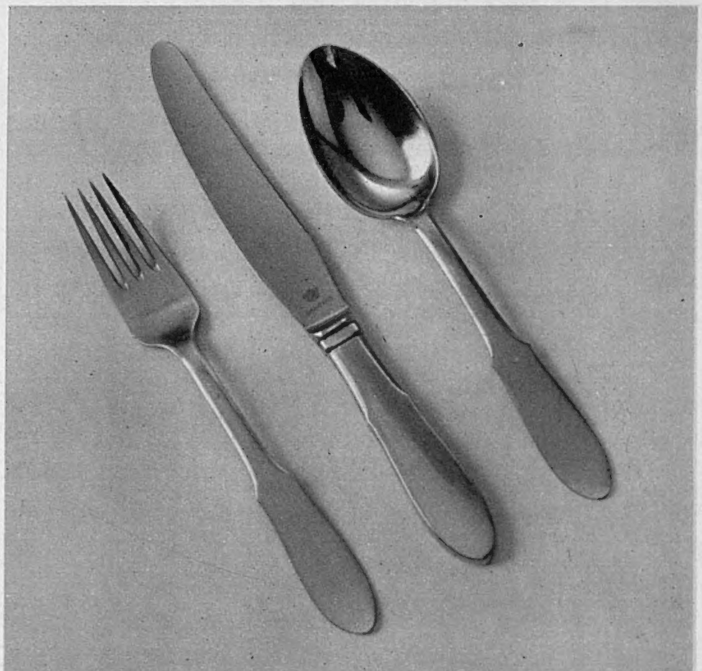

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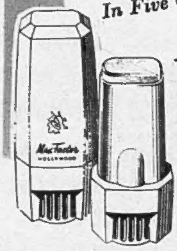

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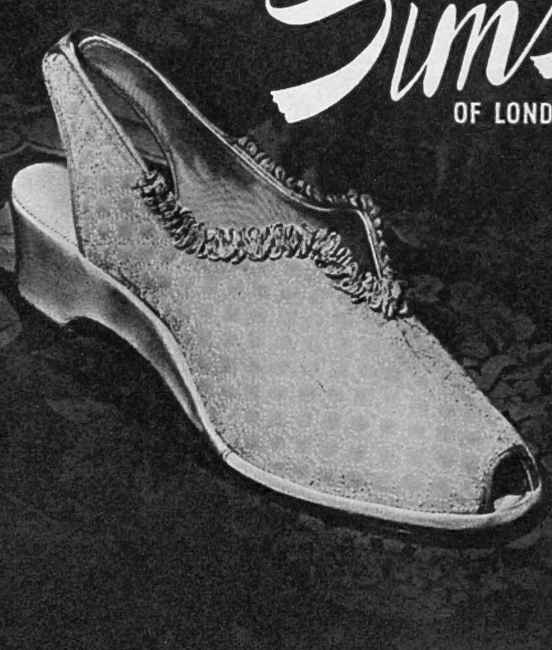

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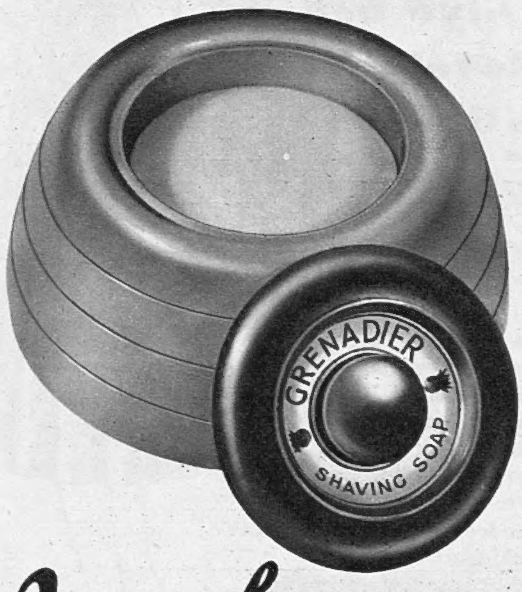

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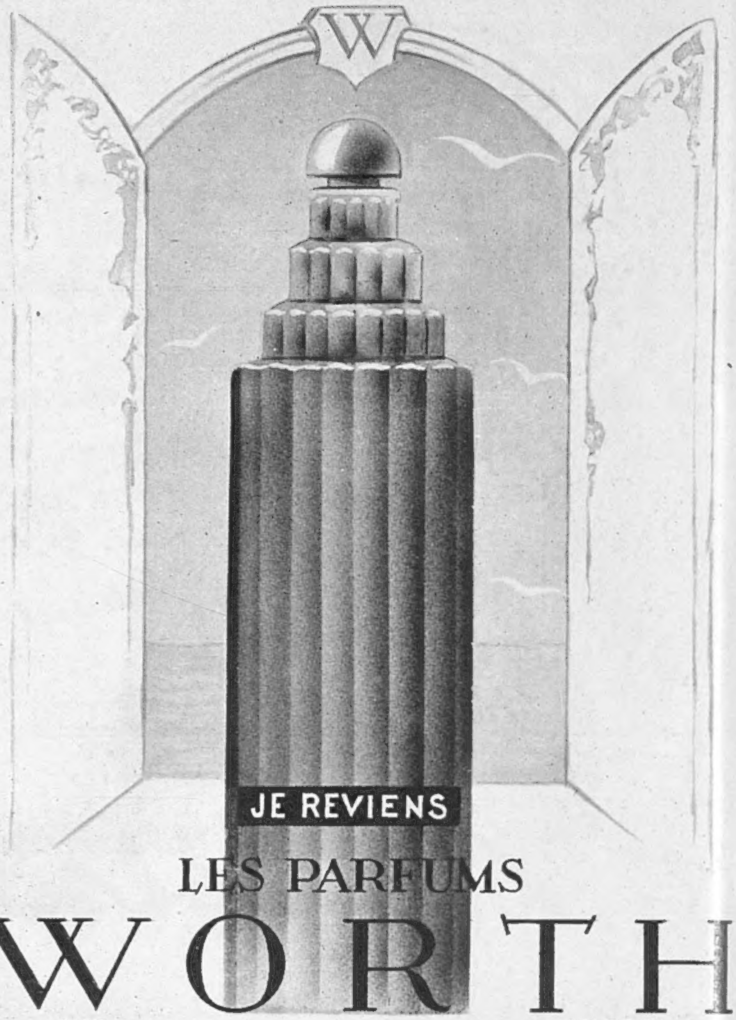

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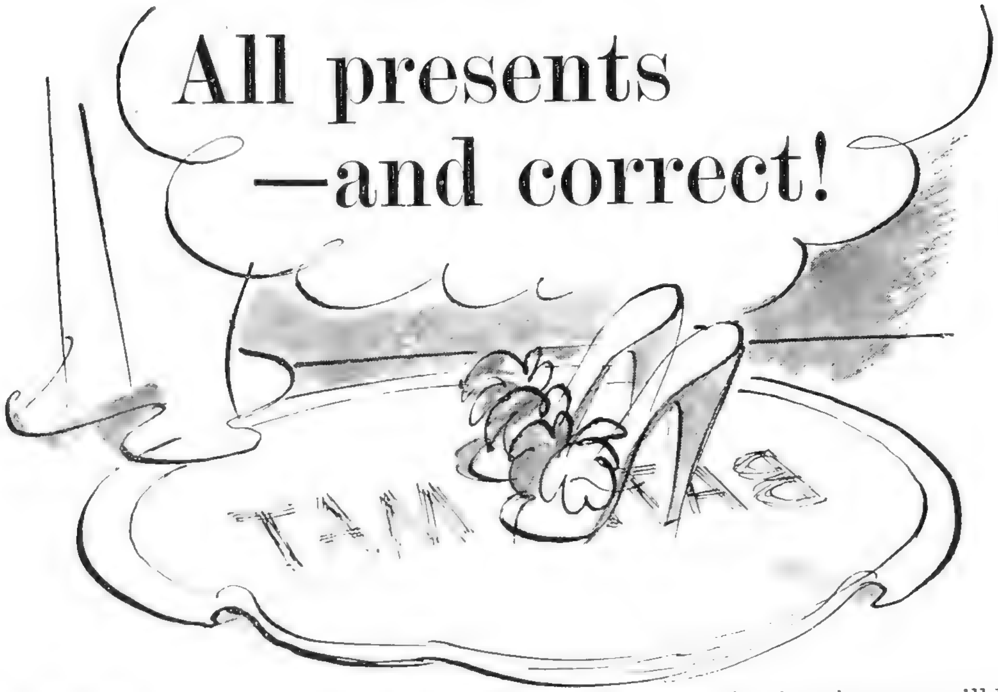

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The romantically tinted water will be so soft that the soap swoons into creaming lather! EBE BATH POWDERS are luxuries indeed. Far too costly to be used idly . . and yet, for a few pence, turning the common-or-garden 'Tub' into an exotic adventure in fragrance, skin-soothing and exhilarating. EBE BATH LUXURIES come in a variety of attractive packings, each of which makes a heavenly gift, even for the Ritziest young woman you know!

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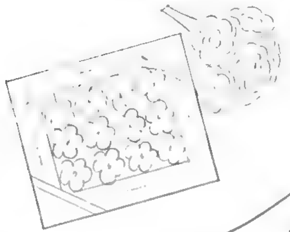

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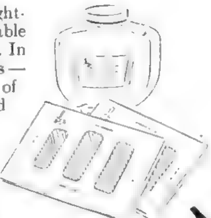
Perfumed with Night-scented Stock, available in all three colours. In handsome 1 lb. flasks — enough for dozens of gorgeous baths! 11/5d ½ lb. size 6/6½d.



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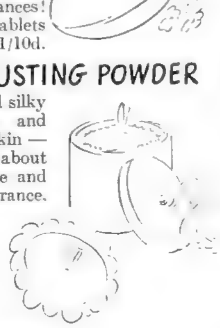

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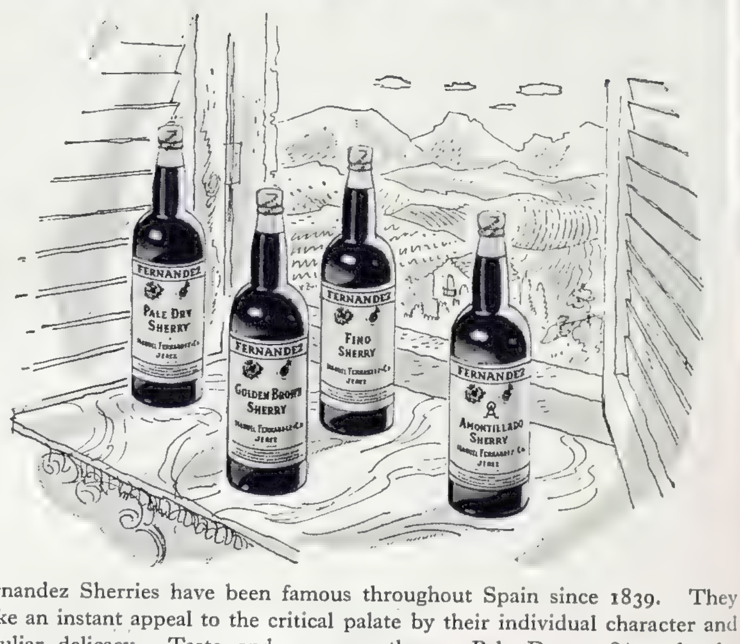
PLAYER'S No 3
The Quality Cigarette

[3P 103]

Four Fine Sherries



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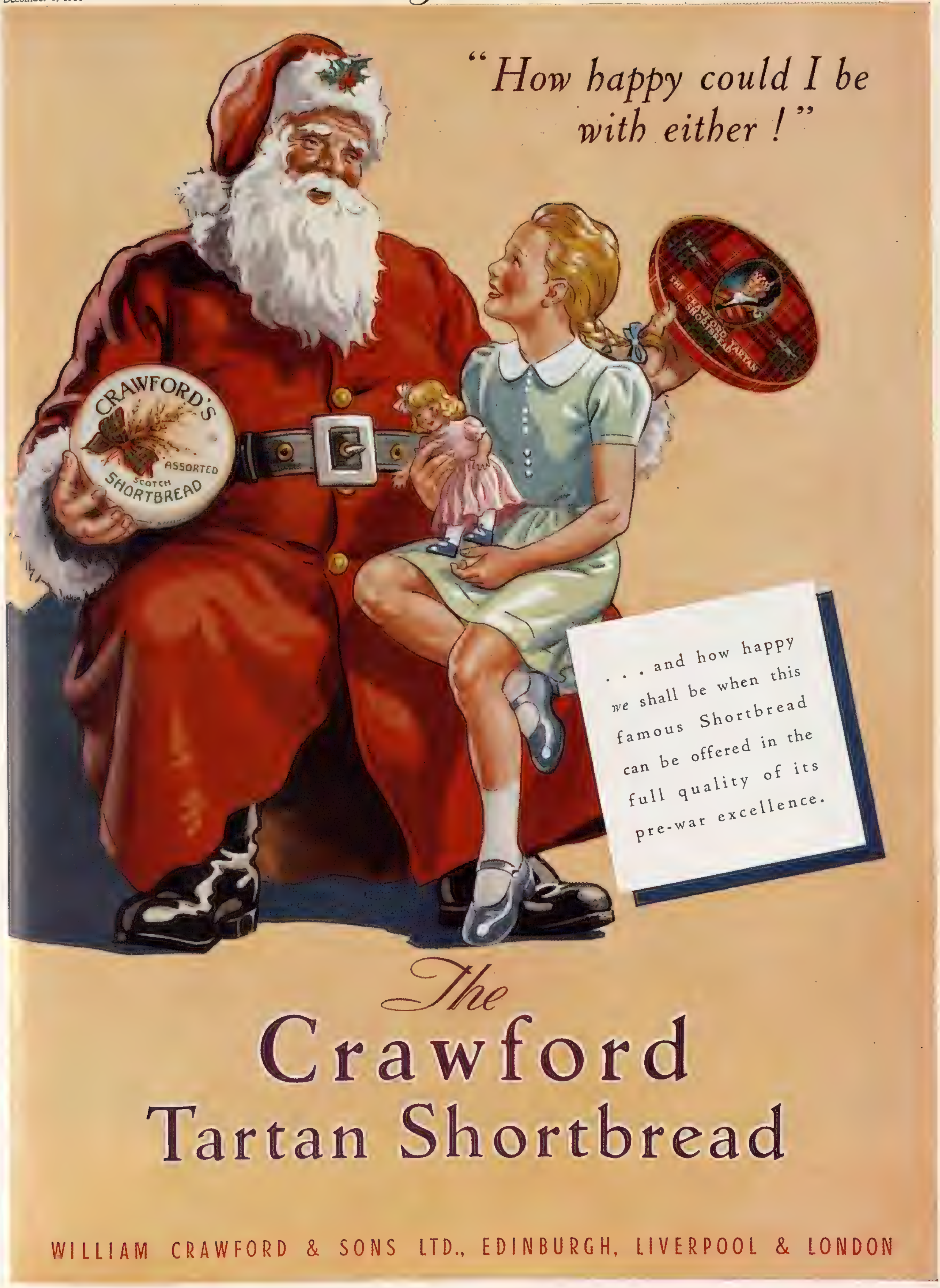

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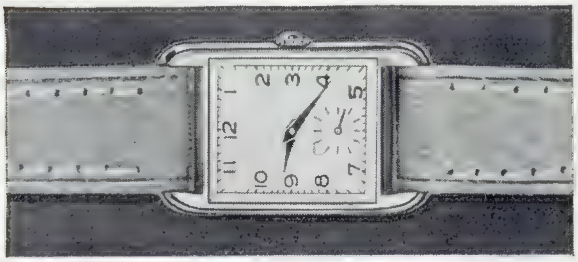

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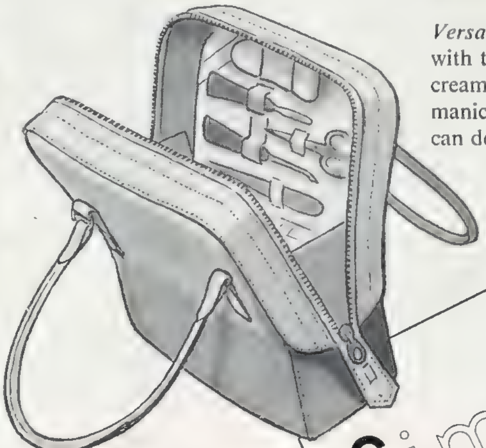
Handsome Luxon—Handsome, gilt-framed cigarette case with red leather lining. Holds twenty-four cigarettes. £2.9.9



Versatile Luxon—Beauty case, with two lotion bottles, two cream jars and a complete manicure set! So smartly styled it can double as a handbag. £8.4.0

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The Sketch

Margot Fonteyn — Representing all Fairies from all Christmas Trees. *(Photographed by Gordon Anthony.)*

Winter Sport.— Coming out of Worthies above Porlock on Exmoor : the Master and Huntsman of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds.

Sketch-Book

BEVERLEY BAXTER

"WHAT day is this ?" asked Scrooge. Imagine such a question on Christmas Day ! But we have Dickens' word for it that Scrooge did actually speak those words. But did the old skinflint have no warning ? Surely the tradesmen had been markedly attentive to his wants, and the small boys must have sung their breathy carols outside even his grim place of abode.

And had Scrooge not seen the playbills proclaiming that *The Babes in the Wood* were appearing on Boxing Night at Drury Lane ? Did he not hear any of the voices on the street shouting "Merry Christmas !" to a friend or acquaintance on the other side ?

In other days, of course, there was no festive message from the Inland Revenue Department reminding the citizen that England expected him to do his duty on January 1. Nevertheless, despite his dream and his adventures with the ghosts, Scrooge should have known that it was Christmas Day, no matter how his miserly nature may have insulated him against normal human emotions. Not even his reformation justifies his ignorance.

On this Day of Days we all recover something of our childhood way of life. Relatives take on a clannish, sentimental importance. Uncle Ned or Aunt Maria may play a small part in our lives and thoughts during the rest of the year, but at Christmas we want them in our home, even if towards the end of the day it is pretty heavy going to keep the candles of goodwill burning.

Perhaps it is wrong to feel the call of the clan on such an occasion. Should we not seek out the homeless, the strangers in our midst, the lonely old bachelor with nowhere to go because his club is closed, the student from overseas marooned in London ? Every year I plan to do something on those lines, and every year I gather old friends instead.

When I was a small boy my father, greatly daring, took me every Christmas morning to St. Patrick's Cathedral because the music was so good. My father was a member of the Orange Order, and for years my grandfather rode a white horse as William of Orange in the July 12 procession. My grandmother, a sweet and saintly woman, believed that all the troubles in the world, including the San Francisco earthquake, were the result of Catholic machinations.

But if we were compromising with sin and risking the censure of the neighbours, it seemed to my father and myself worth while to risk damnation to hear Gounod's famous Mass with its culminating exulting grandeur of "Sanctus ! Sanctus !" The soul yearns for escape at such a time, and what better way is there than to soar on the wings of music !

Chesterton wrote some vivid lines in *The House of Christmas*. I ran across this passage the other day and was strangely gripped by it :

There fared a mother driven forth
Out of an inn to roam :
In the place where she was homeless
All men are at home.
The crazy stable close at hand
With shaking timber and shifting sand,
Grew a stronger thing to abide and stand
Than the square stones of Rome.

The struggle between materialism and the spirit becomes more intense as the centuries pass. Man seems determined to prove that he is the beginning and the end, the Alpha and Omega, and that the mind is master of the soul. But where is the glory of the Roman Emperors now? The manger lives on, although we try to shut our ears to its message.

★ ★ ★

STRANGE as it may seem, I shall spend Christmas away from home, which is not as it should be. That terrific moment when the family advances upon the Christmas tree at an ungodly hour in the morning will not be for me. Instead, I shall be in mid-Atlantic in the good ship *Empress of France*, ploughing its way to Canada.

There will, of course, be a ship's party on Christmas night, when it's dollars to doughnuts that we shall all wear festive, comic hats, and try to persuade ourselves that we are having no end of a time. The orchestra will play "Good King Wenceslaus," "Stille Nacht," "It came upon the midnight clear," and "Noël." Perhaps there will be a dance afterwards, for it is part of the penance of Yuletide that you must not enjoy yourselves with a rubber of bridge or a game of Canasta, but indulge in communal activities.

On the other hand, there is just a chance that the sea itself may be in a festive mood and, like a guest that is too hearty, spread gloom and despondency upon the occasion. Do you remember in the first chapter of *Martin Chuzzlewit* how Dickens describes a wind that sweeps across the countryside and through the towns, slamming doors, rattling windows and scattering the leaves until with a howl it rushes out to sea where, meeting three other winds of a like mood, they make a night of it! What asses they are who think that Dickens could not write but was merely a caricaturist.

Well, in December the winds love a night out in the North Atlantic, and perhaps they will decide to spend Christmas with us. In that case there will be many passengers who will remain in their cabins so that they can think of friends and relatives far away. We may get a rubber of bridge after all—providing dummy's cards can be prevented from sliding off the table.

At this time of the year the *Empress* cannot sail up the St. Lawrence, so we shall put in at St. John, New Brunswick. There is almost certain to be snow, for winter has a special fondness for the Maritime Provinces. Then the long journey by train to Toronto and the company of old friends to welcome 1951 before we leave for New York.

★ ★ ★

NEW YORK is always an adventure. There is something deceptive in its climate that makes one tireless (for a time) and gives old boys the illusion of being young again. Normally a night club to me is the saddest experience available to civilised man, but in New York one's viewpoint changes. Everything is so improbable, everything (except the traffic) moves at such a pace. The lights in the skyscrapers try to pale the stars, and the shop-windows lure the passers-by like a purple sin.

So we shall be taken for supper to El Morocco, or "21," or the Colony Restaurant, and walk home in the early hours of the morning because the air is strong and sleep seems a waste of time. There is also a numerical pleasure about walking in New York that no other city enjoys. More or less every block is 80 yards long, or some such figure. Accuracy is a dull thing and always the enemy of self-expression. So if you want to get to 38th Street from 72nd Street you walk with a continuous sense of encouragement. Every 80 yards (see above) you knock one off the score.

It is interesting, too, how numbers can take on a personality of their own. "Fifth Avenue" has an elegance to the ear that is more effective than "Montmorency Avenue" or "Dupont Avenue." Then there is "42nd Street," which epitomises the concentrated theatre and newspaper activities of Gotham better than a thousand words could do.

I would not like London to alter its own beloved system of streets that change their names as you go along without bothering to inform the passers-by, curving and squaring and crescenting with different names or even the same ones according to their mood. But how much easier for the taxi driver in New York than in London! As far as the streets are concerned a man from Mars could be a competent New York taxi driver in twenty-four hours.

The next stop on this vagabond journey will be Jamaica. We shall fly from the brisk winter air of New York to the balmy softness of Florida, and then on to the golden sunshine of Jamaica. The great value of travel is that one meets so many of one's London friends. Montego Bay is almost a winter suburb of London, if rumour is correct. But the local politicians will certainly discuss sugar, which is a very sour subject with them.

★ ★ ★

NOW I must cast a shadow upon this page and in the knowledge that many readers of "Sketch-Book" will share in some small way the sadness that I feel.

Max, the Aberdeen Terrier, will not spend Christmas with my family. Max is dead. Apparently he swallowed a bone and despite the best efforts of the vet. he grew weaker each hour. The strain on his heart was more than he could stand. One very dark night I coaxed him to the street, thinking a little walk would do him good, and by the worst of luck another Aberdeen Terrier met him, and they fought like demons for nearly five minutes. The other owner and myself tried to separate the black, furry mass into two dogs, but it was almost impossible. At last we succeeded. Max walked slowly back to the house and sat listlessly on the steps. He had fought his last fight and seemed to know it.

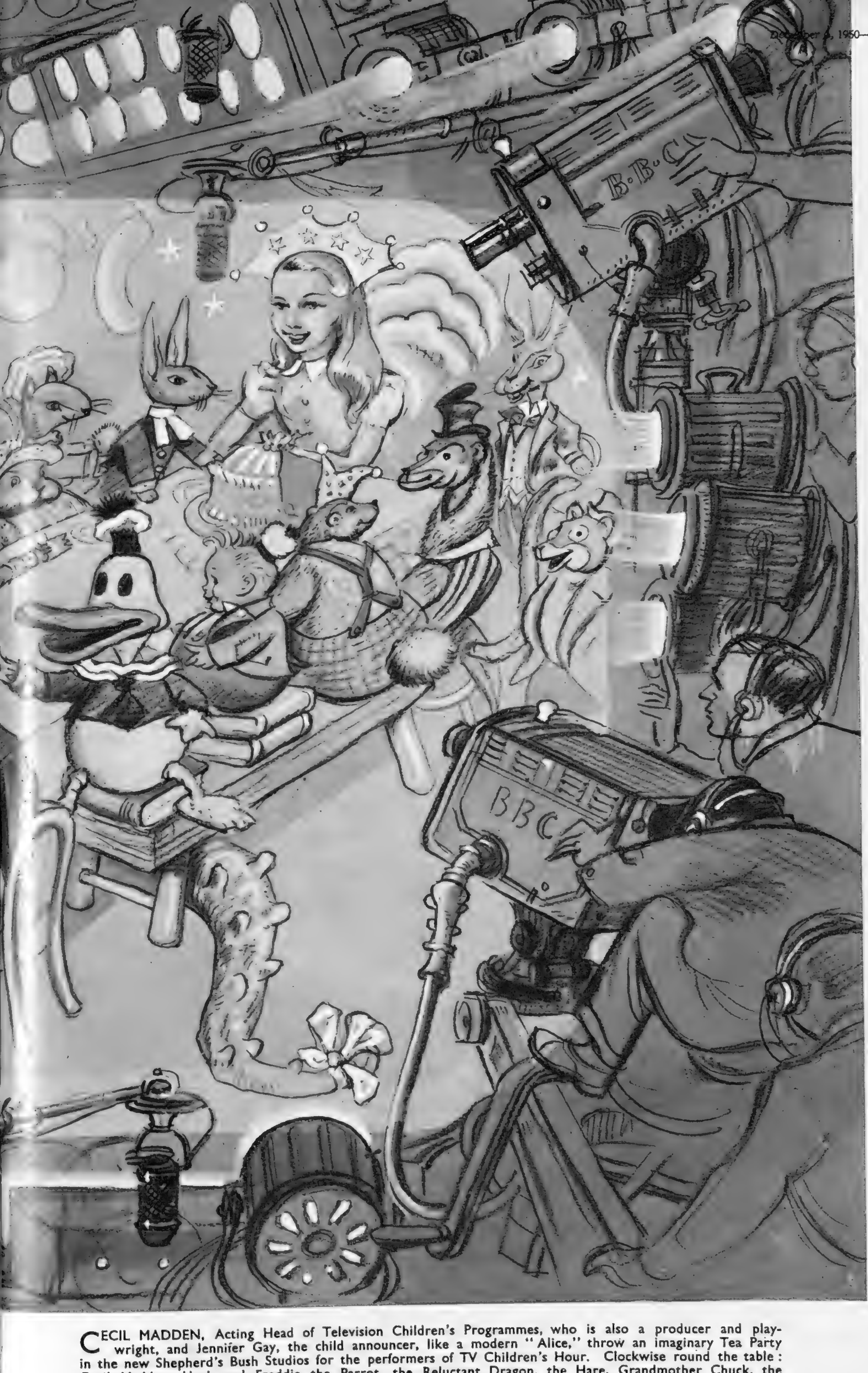
Next day, Sunday, he only wanted to lie on his side upon the cold, wet lawn. He neither resented nor welcomed our endearments or our grief. It was as if his association with mankind was over and that he was going to the distant land of his own species. He uttered no sound of complaint but caressed the wet earth with his face as if asking it to take him to its bosom.

We carried him down to his usual sleeping-place that night and he closed his eyes. In the morning, when we went down, he was dead. He had so much dignity for a little dog, even in death.

Beverley Baxter

F

CHRISTMAS PARTY FOR
TELEVISION "IMMORTALS"



SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY HARRY RUTHERFORD.

CECIL MADDEN, Acting Head of Television Children's Programmes, who is also a producer and playwright, and Jennifer Gay, the child announcer, like a modern "Alice," throw an imaginary Tea Party in the new Shepherd's Bush Studios for the performers of TV Children's Hour. Clockwise round the table: Cecil Madden, Hank and Freddie the Parrot, the Reluctant Dragon, the Hare, Grandmother Chuck, the Squirrel and Little Grey Rabbit, Jennifer Gay, Peter Rabbit, Reddy Fox and Johnny Chuck, Butterball, Dudule the Duck, Peregrine the Penguin, Prudence Kitten, Muffin the Mule; and (standing at back) Mr. Turnip.

Photographed by Karsh of Ottawa.

THE CRIB AT BETHLEHEM

FOR the Christmas festival in the Church of SS. Cosmas and Damian at Rome, a perfect seventeenth-century Neapolitan Crib has been reconstructed, authentic in every detail. The tiny carved figures of the Holy Family, the three Kings and the villagers are beautifully dressed in period costumes of exquisite materials and workmanship. The strings which "tremble" the *putti* and the angels can clearly be seen, and the scene, of which we can show only the central portion, includes a conglómeration of village life, human and fascinating. Here, on Christmas Day, the faithful will gather.

DATE-BOOK

(Our Social Diary)

NOV. 14.

(Left.) The North Cotswold met at Hayles Farm, near Winchcombe, Glos., by invitation of Mr. L. Idiens, and here's the Master, Major R. G. Fanshawe, moving off with hounds.

NOV. 16.

(Right.) The Tickham—Master Mr. J. Burley, centre—met at Hockley Hole, near Faversham, where oast-houses made characteristically Kentish background.

NOV. 18.

With a change of venue, members of the Cowdray Hunt met at Cowdray House, Midhurst, Sussex, for their Hunt Ball. On left, Lieut.-Col. P. N. Adams and Mrs. Patrick Grinling discussed the season's prospects. On right: Mr. Barry Sainsbury augmented orchestra with rousing calls from his hunting horn as he danced with Miss Pat Crick.

NOV. 20.

Youngest at the meet of the Old Berkshire, at Sparsholt, near Wantage, was three-year-old Jane Footitt, as workmanlike as they come! Flanking her to right is Joint Master the Hon. Mrs. Berkeley; to the left, racehorse trainer Jack Anthony.

DUTCH DATE

The State visit of Prince Bernhard

NOV. 21.

Nearing Dover in Dutch cruiser *Jacob van Heemskerck*, Queen Juliana with Cdr. C. J. W. van Waning. Royal couple were met at Victoria by their Majesties, drove in state to Buckingham Palace for crowded 4-day visit, of which we give a few engagements.

NOV. 22.

Royal visitors drove to historic Guildhall in open car accompanied by Sovereign's Escort of the Household Cavalry for luncheon given by City Corporation. They were welcomed in library by the Lord Mayor, who presented Address, read by Recorder Sir Gerald Dodson. In picture Queen Juliana is seen replying. In foreground, sitting to right, are the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester.

NOV. 22.

After heavy day of engagements Queen Juliana and her Consort entertained the King and Queen and other members of the Royal family to dinner at Claridge's. Elaborate preparations had been made. From Holland had come thousands of red roses and tulips to decorate ballroom, gold plate and silverware, besides full staff, including *chef de cuisine* of Dutch Royal Palace with menu of special dishes, and Dutch footmen in saffron and scarlet. During dinner English and Dutch music was played by septet of Dutch Royal Marines. On left: Queen Juliana arrived at Claridge's with the Dutch Ambassador. Right: Prince Bernhard greeted the Queen on arrival with the King, seen behind.

ROYAL -BOOK

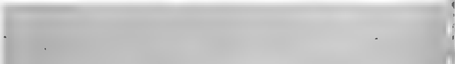
Queen Juliana and of the Netherlands

NOV. 23.

One of a dozen engagements in last full day was a visit to the Henry VII Chapel, Westminster Abbey, to place a wreath on tomb of Queen Juliana's compatriot — England's King William III. Dr. A. C. Don, Dean of Westminster, is with her Majesty.

NOV. 23.

After the ceremony in Westminster Abbey the Royal couple separated for an hour or so. Prince Bernhard—not only a keen airman who pilots his own 'plane, but immensely interested in every aspect of aviation—went to London Airport to see airport control at work, inspect radar and so on. He's seen shaking hands with Mr. G. Young, of K.L.M. (Royal Dutch Airlines). Queen Juliana, accompanied by her hostess the Queen, drove to Bermondsey to see the "Times and Talents" Settlement there.



NOV. 24.

Lovely day for end of the State visit. After taking leave of the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace, Queen Juliana and her Consort drove to Northolt Airport, where they were met by V.I.P.s of the R.A.F. They inspected the guard of honour before boarding Prince Bernhard's own red-and-silver Dakota, waved good-bye, and with the Prince at the controls—and escorted by jet-propelled aircraft from R.A.F., Odiham—they took off for The Hague and home after a very happy visit.

DATE-BOOK

NOV. 21.

(Left.) In packed Private View of Royal Society of Portrait Painters at R. Institute Galleries were Mr. Simon Elwes, left, with Sir Oswald and Lady Birley.

NOV. 22.

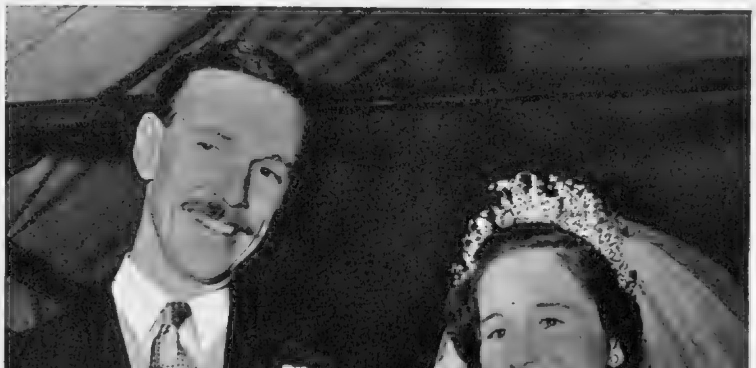
(Right.) Lunch at Duke of York's Theatre to view decorations by Cecil Beaton (left). Red plush, white paint, gilt points gives auditorium New Look. Miss Davis is right.

NOV. 22.

(Left.) Married at St. Michael's, Chester Square, were ex-Chindit leader Lt.-Col. Bernard E. Fergusson, D.S.O., The Black Watch, son of Gen. Sir Charles and Lady Fergusson, of Kilkerran, Maybole, Ayrshire, and Miss L. M. Grenfell, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Arthur Grenfell, of 30, Cadogan Place, Chelsea.

NOV. 23.

(Right.) Three-months-old Lady Camilla Dorothy Godolphin Osborne, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Leeds, was christened at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Her godparents: Mr. Antony Lyttelton, the Hon. Mrs. Cunliffe-Lister, Miss Camilla Beddington.



NOV. 24.

(Left.) Royal racing history made at Kempton Park. The Queen saw her own colours successful for first time, when Tony Grantham (in picture), on her Majesty's bay 'chaser Manicou, won Wimbledon Handicap 'Chase by eight lengths from the Duchess of Norfolk's Possible. Manicou jumped faultlessly.

NOV. 25.

(Right.) At St. Stephen's Church, Rochester Row, Mr. George A. S. Cox, son of the late Mr. Frank H. H. Cox, and of Mrs. Cox, of Goudie, Murthly, Perthshire, married Miss Mary S. Cumming, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald S. Cumming, of 5, Hugo House, Sloane Street.

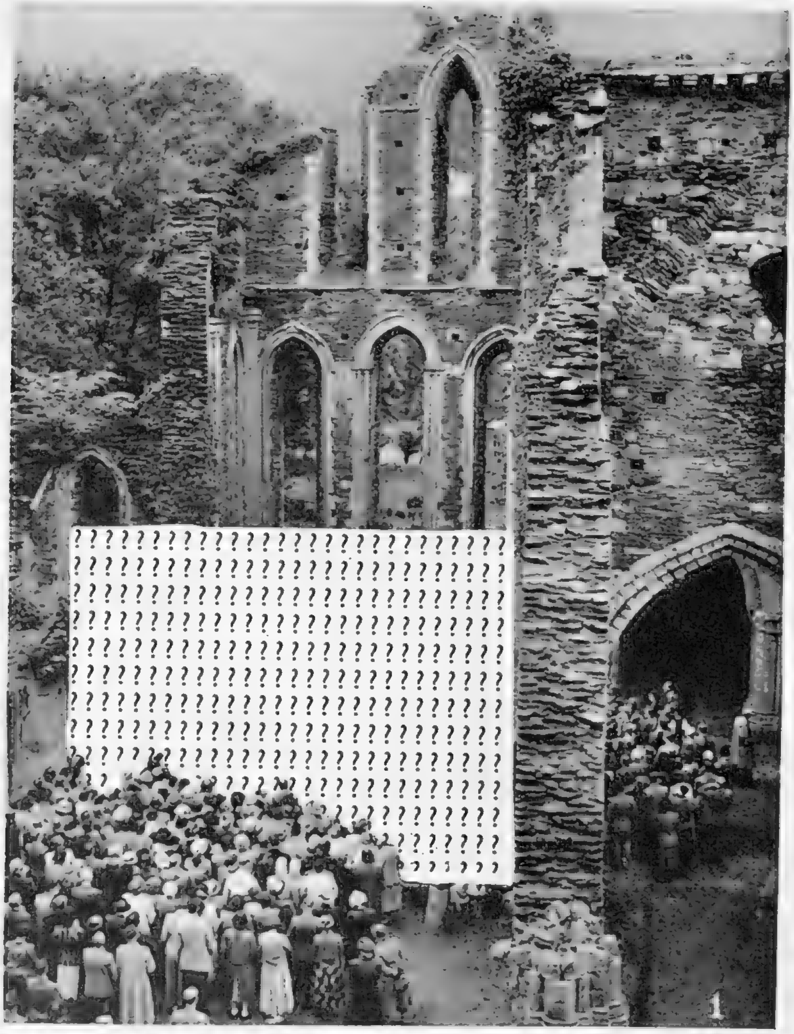
My Dear—JUST What I Wanted!

We approached some of our more whimsical artists and asked them to *draw* instead of *recite* the above classic receipt note for all Christmas Presents. The results adorn the next three pages.

My Dear— JUST What I Wanted!

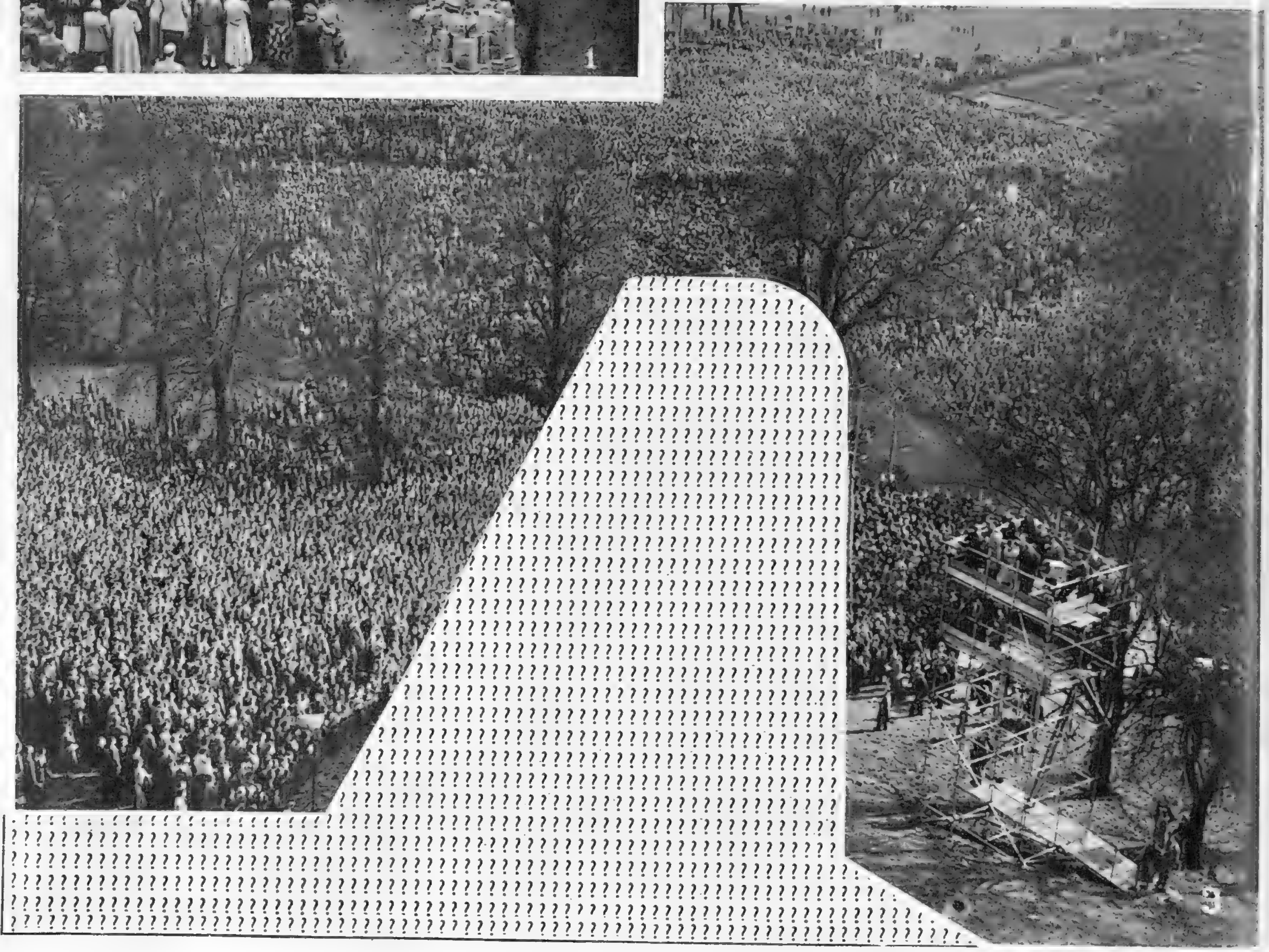
(Continued)

Happy Christmas to Osric
Ronald Searle. 1950



CAN YOU PLACE THEM?

ON the next four pages are sections of crowds who gathered together in a number of places on various occasions. If you look carefully, there is enough evidence in each picture to identify the occasion and place the objective of the crowd's interest. You can check the accuracy of your memory and powers of observation by consulting the completed identified pictures on pages 572-573.



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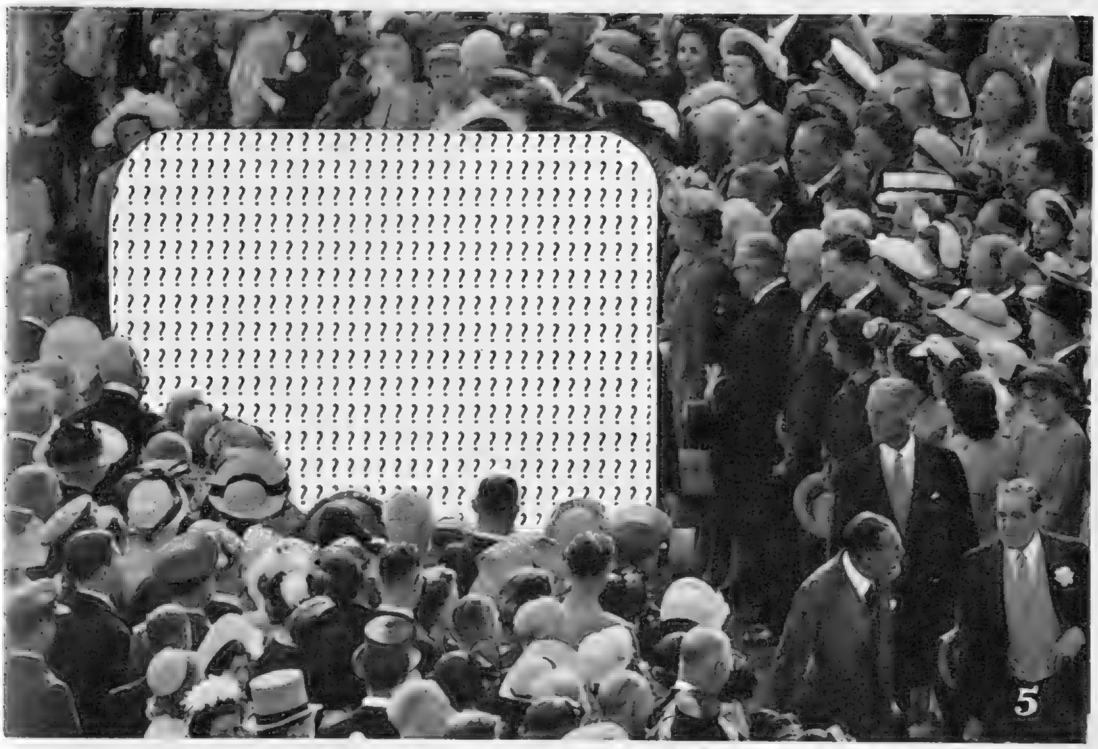

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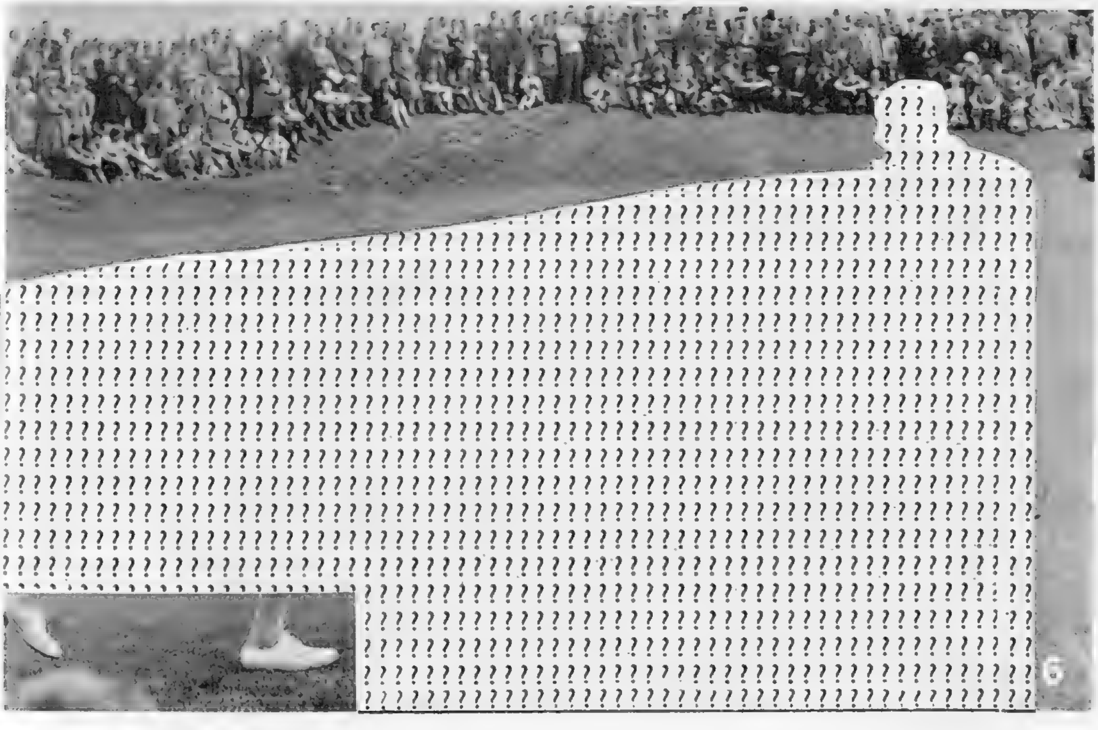

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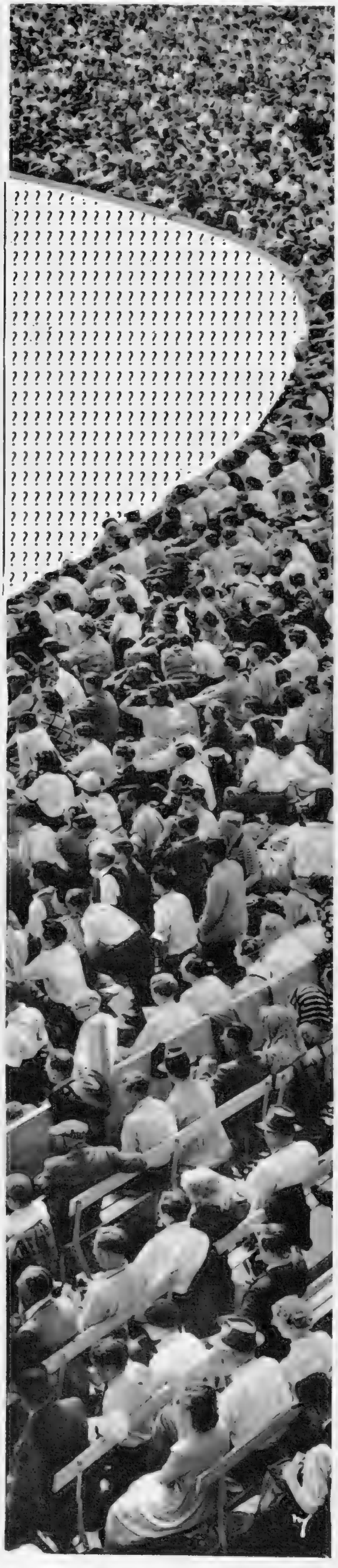

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CAN YOU PLACE THEM?

More Crowd-Section Problems

(Continued from previous pages)

OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

OPERATION HEARTBREAK. By Sir Duff Cooper. (*Hart-Davis ; 8s. 6d.*)
THE FELTHAMS. By Warren Tute. (*Cassell ; 9s. 6d.*)
THE AGE OF ELEGANCE. By Arthur Bryant. (*Collins ; 15s.*)
BOHEMIA JUNCTION. By A. F. Tschiffely. (*Hodder and Stoughton ; 15s.*)

IT happens that the two novels I have before me are imaginary biographies, the first of a soldier, the second of a sailor. They are admirably contrasted in style, purpose and spirit, but each depicts Service life with both clarity and charity and each is a full-length and very satisfying portrait of a man. Sir Duff Cooper's Willie Maryngton, in *Operation Heartbreak*, is the more pathetic figure, presented with economy both in description and incident and within the limits of a very short novel. He nevertheless becomes intimately known to us, and we mourn his death with its bizarre but fitting sequel. Willie's father was killed in the First World War, and the boy had no ambition but for military glory of the kind that was known to older generations than his. Born in 1900, he was just too young for service before the 1918 Armistice, and he had to live through years of military discipline without being in action against an enemy. Training for war and never firing an angry shot may be all very well for a season or two, but this man had twenty years of an existence which seemed to him pointless and unrewarding. He finds himself at the outbreak of the last war one of those middle-aged men with military knowledge but no experience who presented such a problem to the War Office. One feels through him the boredom of the courses and exercises he must have lived through, and one sees him enviously watching the young men going overseas. He is made an instructor in an O.C.T.U., a highly probable posting, but one which gives him no satisfaction at all. There is an ironic sequel to all this, beautifully appropriate to the quiet and moving story which has gone before it. Altogether an honest, graceful piece of writing which will not be easily forgotten by its readers.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE FOLLOWER.
By Patrick Quentin. (*Gollancz ; 8s. 6d.*)

Lively detection, with no shadow from the morgue across its fresh, eventful pages.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH.
By Dermot Morrah. (*Odhams ; 8s. 6d.*)

This "illustrated story of the life of the Heir Presumptive" is written with a dignity and good taste not common enough in books of its kind. There are many good photographs.

NO MASK FOR MURDER.
By Andrew Garve. (*Collins ; 8s. 6d.*)

Murder of a tropical and topical kind.

ONLY ONE LIFE.
By Doreen Wallace. (*Collins ; 9s. 6d.*)

Story of a woman who finds beauty in the garden and learns one lesson in life—acceptance. She marries an M.P. with an "endearing horse-smile," but realises that life might have been worse because one of them might have been a drunkard or a criminal.

CHARLEY.
By D. M. Dowley. (*Peter Davies ; 9s. 6d.*)

A clever piece of period work—the London underworld of 1912.

MR. WARREN TUTE'S life-story of Admiral Sir Richard Feltham in *The Felthams* is a more rumbustious affair. It is a big, sprawling story going back to the generation before Richard's, and introducing us to his father Jeremy, a Victorian with the traditional qualities of hypocrisy and selfishness, and ending in the present with Richard's children. It is told largely in extracts from diaries and in letters between members of the family, and although there may be readers who think this a forbidding technique I think they will soon be won over by the cruelly life-like letters of Jeremy to his son, and the spirited and sensible letters of Richard's sister and wife. As in Sir Duff Cooper's book, there is a shadowy third in all the human relationships—the Service and the Service career which as influences overhang all personal considerations and reduce their proportions.

The characterisation in this story is almost Dickensian in its consistency, and Mr. Tute is particularly clever in distinguishing between his large gallery of female characters. Richard's invalid mother and cheeseparing stepmother, his own two wives, his sister and various "in-laws" are all real women. There is a "wicked uncle" in the background, who lives to influence his brother's son and, throughout their lives, to infuriate the Admiral. I am frankly chary of trying to assess the literary merits of this book. It is enormously human, friendly, humorous and readable, a great chunk of our history seen through the life of one family. It is competently written without gush or bravado, and I enjoyed it immensely. I am sure it is a good book, and I think it may be very good indeed. If not something more than that. I recommend it warmly.

MR. ARTHUR BRYANT'S breathless, quick-firing method of re-telling history has become familiar and welcome to this generation, and whatever period he elected to reanimate for us would seem, I think, the one most appropriate to his talents. That he is most at home in the Napoleonic era, once the most over-written of them all, and makes it fresh and vitally interesting to us, is only a part of his achievement, for although he is not of the "new documentary discovery" school of historians who re-shape the course of a battle because of a letter lately found from a general to his sister, yet his work is in the best sense new and controversial.

It must be confessed that his love of metaphor and of piling incident upon incident to build a case, becomes at times a mannerism. "Three weeks after the battle, while Brussels stank with gangrene and the trampled Waterloo cornfields were heavy with death, a British army entered Paris for the first time since Agincourt," is a fair example of his chapter-openings, and when he comes to write of the English as victors we feel that we are being drawn unwittingly into his own view of the time, simply because of his machine-gun firing of chosen facts. *The Age of Elegance* is the third of his chronicles of the Napoleonic age. *The Years of Endurance* stretched from 1793 to 1802, *The Years of Victory* on to 1812, and the present book covers the next decade. That it was not merely an age of elegance he makes clear in his harsh and telling description of the underworld of the time, the social injustice, dire poverty, vice and wretchedness which lay only a little under the gay surface of Regency metropolitan life. This is history as most of us like to read rather than study it.

MR. A. F. TSCHIFFELY, whose unforgettable story of his ride "from Southern Cross to Pole Star" has become at least a contemporary classic, now gives a more personal and diversified account of his own life as a Bohemian. He objects to popular misuse of this word. A Bohemian is not, he says, "wild, eccentric, morally lax or even debauched . . . unshaven, be-bearded, long-haired, unkempt." He bemoans the disappearance of the true Bohemian, "the cult of respectability, official restrictions and regimentation as the aftermath of two wars may be among the causes of the obsolescence of the true Bohemian." He himself has clearly never cared a fig for convention or respectability, but has ranged the world as a freebooter, finding adventure and humour and friendship everywhere. He opens with some clever sketches of types met in his early London days in digs, takes us through his years of teaching at St. George's College on the outskirts of Buenos Aires, lightly recalls his ride and his friendship with Cunninghame Graham and many other literary and political figures of our day, and with appropriate raptures writes of the circus. A cheerful *omnium gatherum* by one of the true originals of our time.

"WITH BEST WISHES"

NOW is the time to decide about your Christmas presents, especially for friends overseas, and those in search of a gift a little out of the ordinary will find that a year's subscription to *The Sketch* will be very much appreciated.

Each fortnight as the new copy arrives the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought and good wishes of the friend at home in Britain.

Orders for subscriptions for *The Sketch* to be sent overseas can now be taken. They should be addressed : The Subscription Department, *The Sketch*, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, together with the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent, and enclosing the price of the subscription—Canada : £2 7s. 6d. ; elsewhere abroad : £2 10s.

A Christmas offering from two famous clowns of the Bertram Mills Circus . . .
Percy Huxter (left) and Coco.

DEMON - DANCER

This pantomime-like demon—a character in one of the love-stories which make of Cambodian dances a narrative ballet—is brilliantly portrayed by Néac Samosan, one of an all-woman cast. Her heavy mask is of solid gold, her costume exquisite in colour and materials.

(From the painting "Néac Samosan II." by Sir Gerald Kelly, P.R.A.)

Drawn by Leo Bates.

BREAKING UP FOR CHRISTMAS

OPERATION "

A top-secret aspect of the astronomical organisatio

Specially drawn for "The Sketch" by Peter Jackson.

STOCKING"

n required to fill all stockings on Christmas Eve.

"HARK, THE HERALD

Specially drawn for "The Sketch" by H. H. Harris.

ANGELS SWING!"

Specially drawn for "The Sketch" by Robb.

The Artist's problem...
...in designing
Christmas Cards...
...is that he has to...

ffolkes
Merry Xmas
...arrange and set up the design entirely from imagination.

Old Stagers

ACCOLADE (Aldwych).
Emlyn Williams as a famous author who leads a double life in Regent's Park and Rotherhithe.

THE FOURPOSTER (Ambassadors).
Two characters to fill six scenes.

SEAGULLS OVER SORRENTO (Apollo).
A naval mixture; comedy and drama on an islet in the Orkneys, with Ronald Shiner as a very able seaman.

ACE OF CLUBS (Cambridge).
Minor Coward—but with the Juvenile Delinquents.

MISTER ROBERTS (Coliseum).
A Pacific voyage with the vast Coliseum stage as an American Navy cargo ship.

CAROUSEL (Drury Lane).
Forget comparisons and see this as a good Rodgers-Hammerstein musical play in its own right.

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY (Duchess).
Wynyard Browne's Christmas gathering in a Norfolk vicarage is the best domestic play in London.

CAPTAIN CARVALLO (Garrick).
A witty, neo-Ruritanian comedy: Diana Wynyard, James Donald.

RING ROUND THE MOON (Globe).
A charade, taken from the French by Christopher Fry and produced expertly by Peter Brook.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY (Haymarket).
Eileen Herlie has a shot at Paula.

THE LITTLE HUT (Lyric).
Three castaways—one of them Robert Morley—frivol on a tropical island.

THE COCKTAIL PARTY (New).
T. S. Eliot's homily in verse.

OLD VIC COMPANY (Old Vic, Waterloo Road).
Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* is to replace Shakespeare's *Illyria.*

KING'S RHAPSODY (Palace).
Ivor Novello is the King, and Vanessa Lee his Queen, in Novello's Ruritanian "musical."

DEAR MISS PHŒBE (Phœnix).
Barrie set harmlessly to music.

HIS EXCELLENCY (Piccadilly).
Eric Portman shows how an ex-docker can govern a Mediterranean island.

TOUCH AND GO (Prince of Wales's).
A flashing Anglo-American revue.

PARTY MANNERS (Princes).
Val Gielgud's good-tempered comedy that alarmed the B.B.C. Board of Governors.

TOP OF THE LADDER (St. James's).
John Mills at the very top in Guthrie's strange play.

HOME AND BEAUTY (St. Martin's).
Maugham's chuckling farce.

WILL ANY GENTLEMAN ? (Strand).
The hunting of the Hare.

HOME AT SEVEN (Wyndham's).
Sherriff's tale of the ordinary man in extraordinary circumstances.

AT THE THEATRE . .

★ First Choice ★

"WHO IS SYLVIA?"

(Criterion)

THE Criterion programme is an odd document. It instructs us to watch for Mark and Daphne and Sidney, Ethel and Oscar and Bubbles, Chloe and Caroline; but there is no Sylvia in the pack. Who is she, and why have we to ask that question (with Terence Rattigan chuckling at our elbows) in 1917, in 1929, and in 1950? Rattigan is unperturbed. He tells us, laughing heartily now and then, that Sylvia is the ideal image that Mark (Lord St. Neots, later the Earl of Binfield) recognises continually in various girls in various periods. He is a diplomatist by profession, a sculptor by inclination. So he uses his hobby as a basis for a double life which, so we gather, he leads — when in England — with various manifestations of Sylvia in a Knightsbridge flat. Rattigan insists that Mark enjoys this kind of thing, even when he is British Ambassador in Paris and a personage of much dignity and presence. It all seems curious. We can merely sit at a performance and wonder why a writer of Rattigan's acknowledged wit and invention should lavish himself upon so unlikely an anecdote.

Still, none can say that he is out of the fashion. Double lives are the thing at the moment. While we turn up Jekyll-and-Hyde for the Stevenson centenary, and while Emlyn Williams is uniting the East End with the West at the Aldwych, we can surely let Rattigan have his flutter with the earl-and-the-girl. There are three flutters in three periods: the tango-time of 1917; the Madly Gay period of Waugh's vile bodies; and the present, when we hear talk—most appropriately—of a theatre-party at the Old Vic. The first of these scenes is the best, for Rattigan is not yet repeating himself, his wit does effervesce, and it is pleasant to meet Robert Flemyng as Mark and Roland Culver (who is called Oscar and deserves one) as the amiable gay-dog of a galloping major. This is all right; and though Diane Hart—who has the task of being "Sylvia" in three periods—labours the first girl's Cockney accent, the scene sends Rattigan off as well as we can wish. Alas, the second and third acts falter into repetition. Robert Flemyng cannot now pin down the elusive Mark; but we are glad to go on meeting Roland Culver, to find Diane Hart in two better parts, to greet the charming young David Aylmer, to discover Joan Benham as a girl who does not like *Julius Cæsar*—and, at the last, to cheer Athene Seyler as the wife who has known everything all along. If she had arrived earlier in the evening, there would have been no play. Clever Mr. Rattigan!

Roland Culver as Oscar

Joan Benham as Chloe

Esmond Knight as Williams

... with J. C. TREWIN

"PRESERVING MR. PANMURE"

(Arts Theatre Club)

I CAME away from the Arts Theatre wondering why Pinero's gentle period joke, his farcical comedy about a stolen kiss, had not been revived before. It was staged first in 1911. Although the last act wavers a little, the earlier two have all Pinero's intricately accurate construction, his quick sense of fun. We would hardly have thought it possible that an entire evening could turn on a single kiss. But Pinero tosses his stone into the precise middle of the pond, and the spreading ripples go on widening for two-and-a-half hours.

I knew that the play had failed in 1911: failed, that is, in comparison with the major Pinero plays—a run of ninety-nine performances was only a drop in the bucket. When I looked up a contemporary notice I found to my astonishment that critics could write about the piece in this way: "The tone of the comedy was bitter and sinister. . . . It was possible to imagine less emphasis on the unpleasant features of the sensual hypocrite, Mr. Panmure." Well, well! I can merely say that I have rarely enjoyed a Bitter and Sinister evening with more abandon, and that Reginald Purdell's mournful twitching alarm as the Sensual Hypocrite, Mr. Panmure, seems exactly right. So, too, do the performances of Gwen Cherrell as the anxious (and kissed) Josepha, Helena Pickard as the earnest Mrs. Panmure, and Alexander Archdale as the cocoa-minded M.P. The play may, of course, have injured my morals; I am prepared to take the risk and to slink into the Arts, in my most bitter and sinister fashion, to watch the whole, sad business over again.

★

"THE CHILDREN'S HOUR"

(New Boltons)

IN the text the malicious schoolgirl, Mary Tilford, who wrecks the lives of her two schoolmistresses, has always seemed to me to be one of the vilest children in the theatre. Dorothy Gordon, acting with relentless fidelity to the author, claws Mary to life at the opening of the New Boltons. It is good to find this theatre in the field again and with Lillian Hellman's play—banned for public performance in this country because the crime with which Mary falsely charges Martha and Karen is that of Lesbianism. There is nothing catchpenny in the piece: courageous, tooth-and-nail drama, produced by Peter Cotes and acted —especially by Jessica Spencer, Joan Miller, Mary Merrall and Dorothy Gordon—with strong appreciation. I am sorry about the last revolver-shot; but it points the savage irony of the final scene.

Next Stage

THE next stage is the Christmas stage; this year it seems to be more crowded than ever. There are three major pantomimes in Central London, as well as *Queen of Hearts* (Evelyn Laye and Bobby Howes) at Wimbledon and *Aladdin* (Clarkson Rose) at the King's, Hammersmith. The Princes entry is *Mother Goose*, with Ethel Revnell, Hy Hazell and Billy Russell: it opens on December 23. On the same night the Palladium presents *Babes in the Wood*, with Adele Dixon, Sonnie Hale, Roy Royston, and Jewel and Warriss. The Casino pantomime, *Goody Two-Shoes*, with Arthur Askey, begins on December 20.

PETER AND CHARLEY

Margaret Lockwood will become one of the relatively few actresses to have played Peter Pan in London for two successive years when she opens in the part at the Scala on December 21. Other Christmas plays of long standing include *Charley's Aunt* (Saville; also on December 21), with the Olde Beatonian décor with which Cecil Beaton has enlivened Brandon Thomas's Oxford; and *Where the Rainbow Ends*, which starts a limited run at the Stoll on December 23: here Philip Gough has newly designed the sets and costumes.

THREE CHALLENGERS

It is so hard to get new "stayers" into the holiday list that the appearance of three names from last year is heartening. One, *Let's Make an Opera*, is the Britten-Crozier opera that is as much for the adult as for the child.

Beauty and the Beast, due at the Westminster on December 19, is Nicholas Stuart Gray's skilful and delicate handling of an old theme. Charles Hickman produces.

And there should be a strong welcome for *The Silver Curlew*, by Eleanor Farjeon, with music by Clifton Parker, which was one of the plums at the Arts last Christmas. The Daniel Mayer Company presents this at the Fortune (December 22), with Denys Blakelock, Elaine Wodson and Yoma Sasburgh happily back again, and Gwen Cherrell as one of the newcomers.

THE YOUNG VIC

There is an important children's play challenge at the Old Vic where, on Boxing Day and thereafter for three weeks at matinées, the Young Vic Company is to stage John Blatchley's version of Stevenson's *The Black Arrow*. (The senior company will, of course, be doing Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* at night.) The New Boltons, just reopened under Peter Cotes, will have a specially-written holiday play, *The Christmas Tree* (January 2). Two other theatres keep to old friends. The Arts announces a revival of S. I. Hsiung's willow-pattern, *Lady Precious Stream*, directed by Roy Rich, which opens on December 13 (for four weeks). The Embassy has *The Ghost Train*.

MR. DURRANI, for travelling with the world's longest air ticket.

MAN with a pricey possession to guard, Attullah Durrani arrived in London recently with 5 ft. of air ticket. It cost £1500 and will take him to sixty cities all over the world as a representative of the Rice Institute of America.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

DIRECTOR LLOYD, for climbing from bottom to top rung of her ladder.

WITH her feet on the bottom rung eleven years ago, Miss Mary Kathleen Lloyd began her naval career as a stewardess in the Women's Royal Naval Service. She has just been appointed the new Director of the W.R.N.S. In the early days she scrubbed floors and washed dishes.

J. K. ANDERSON, of Cambridge, for "ploughing" his Oxford opponent.

THE tractor-ploughing match held at Battisham, between Oxford and Cambridge Universities, showed keen competition. Eventually J. K. Anderson (Magdalene, Cambridge) in a trim little "Ferguson" beat Peter Luxmore (Oriel, Oxford), who drove the more powerful tractor.

The TAVERN TROTTERS' PRESIDENT, for putting new beer into old tankards.

A COLLECTION of weird and antique drinking vessels belonging to the President of the Tavern Trotters' Club were much admired recently at a meeting in the "Red Lion," E.C.4. President Maxwell (left), of Tunbridge Wells, takes a swig from "Ally Sloper's Half Holiday" jug, watched by Mr. Shepheard, who holds a $1\frac{1}{2}$-gallon Dickens Loving Cup.

. . . AND WE APPLAUD (on behalf of the children)

BOBBY HOWES, in *Queen of Hearts* at the Wimbledon Theatre.

MAX BYGRAVES, in *Jack and the Beanstalk* at the Palace, Manchester.

ARTHUR ASKEY, in *Goody Two-Shoes* at the London Casino.

TOMMY TRINDER, in *Cinderella* at Her Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg.

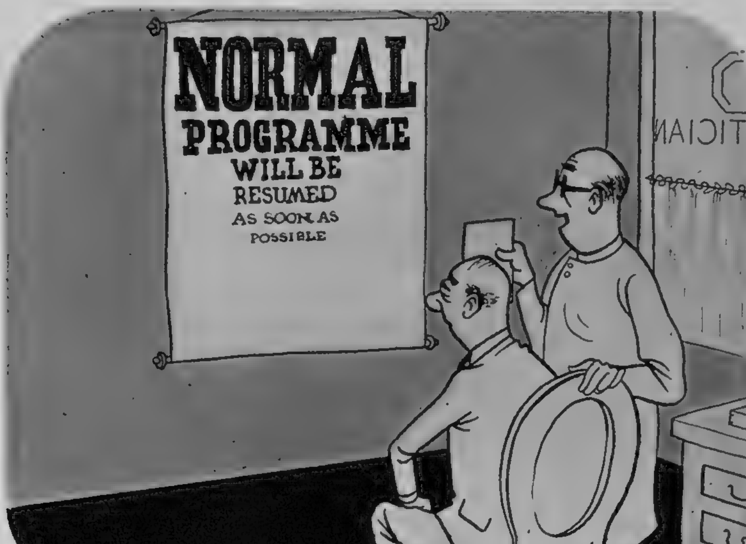
FRANKIE HOWERD, in *Babes in the Wood* at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham.

Famous comedians all, for the ecstatic enjoyment they will give and the unrestrained applause they will get from the youngsters this Christmas-time.

A brand-new version of the stage success, *Carissima*, produced by Walton Anderson, had the young American baritone, Norman Lawrence, and Barbara Kelly (in private life Mrs. Bernard Braden) in the star parts.

Priestley's moving play, *Time and the Conways*, showed Barbara Everest as Mrs. Conway. With her here is the son, young Robin Conway, portrayed by Peter Reynolds. Too much talk; too little movement.

One of the Television Newsreel cameramen in action on the roof of a car, specially fitted for the mounting of a ciné-camera. They stop at nothing to get an interesting angle, an unusual shot.



"I'll just test your eyes for TV strain."

TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

WE begin in a mood of contrition, and humbly apologise f r being so remiss. There is one department at Ally Pa y which we have neglected up to now—one that contribu es an enormous amount to the enjoyment and interest of televisi n. We refer to the Film Section. There is not a transmission in wh h this department does not play a part. However "live" the p gramme might otherwise be, even the very opening of it— e tuning signal, the clock, the coat of arms of the B.B.C., and th two aerial masts emitting their circles over the British Isles— are done by film. Then, as everyone knows, most plays have f sequences here and there—if only a shot or so to establish the bac ground. Documentaries like "London Town" are even m beholden to the film unit working for them. And last, but by means least, there is the deservedly popular Television Newsr l and its baby brother, the Telefilm. We really should have pri d into the affairs of such an important side of television long bef e this. But, having become aware of this critical dereliction, e obvious thing was to go and have a good pry, right away.

We found a little world within the orbit of the television serv e, busily intent on its own problems and viewing the "goings o " in the studios with a certain amount of detachment. At its head is Philip Dorté, ex-Chief of Outside Broadcasts, with considerable movie experience behind him. He captains a staff of around eighty souls who busy themselves with the complicated gadgetry of film-making. From his office in the tower of Alexandra Palace, Dorté spreads his picture-getting web all over the world. Right now there is a cameraman in Korea and another in Singapore. All of them have got used to the idea that at one hour's notice they may be in a plane, going to the farthest corner of the globe. They often have to work under appalling conditions but, as all regular viewers will agree, results are first-rate.

FROM Mr. Dorté and his lieutenant, Harold Cox, responsible for the Television Newsreel, we learned some interesting details about it. First, they pointed out the basic difference from the Telefilm. The TV Newsreel, of course, is taken by ordinary ciné cameras, while the Telefilm is photographed from a cathode-ray picture—a recording of the actual broadcast, in fact. The pictures produced this way are never quite as sharp as ordinary film, because, in order to get rid of scanning lines, the focus must be softened and

Little girl with a famous name in the dog world is Elizabeth Cruft. She is to take part regularly in the new series, "Telescope," a Saturday fortnightly magazine for children. Her special feature: "Your Puppy."

Terry-Thomas stars in the slick and well-contrived show, "How Do You View." Here he is with stooge Peter Butterworth. Also in the programme are Avril Angers, Leslie Mitchell, Jack and Daphne Barker.

a lot of definition is lost. The Television Newsreel makes no effort to imitate the pattern of its counterpart in the cinema. "The cinema newsreel is short and terse," said Mr. Dorté. "As many items as possible are crammed into the eight minutes. We, on the other hand, have a quarter of an hour, and give each item as much footage as we consider it merits. Sometimes we spend as much as five minutes on an item. Our tempo, deliberately, is on the slow side. We aim to give a leisurely presentation of pictorial news items, not to report red-hot stop-press stuff." That sort of thing, he considers, can be better handled by sound radio. Just to show someone on the screen reading out a bulletin isn't *really* television. We agree.

But, however leisurely the newsreel is intended to be, the inhabitants of this little world of the Film Section have to move very fast to get their pictures out in time for transmission. Wimbledon is an annual headache. There are generally less than four hours between the end of play and the time the film is on the air. In that interval it has been taken to the laboratory, developed, cut, dubbed with its commentary and printed. If time gets too short, they can cut out the printing and resort to a neat trick of the trade—to run the film through in its negative state, with the projector in "reverse phase," which makes black white, and *vice versa*.

We wish we could have rounded off this appreciation of the Film Section's work by pointing out a particularly good recent example of it. Unfortunately, the opposite is the case, and we have to donate a rocket for a most ragged effort on the occasion of the arrival of the Queen of the Netherlands at Victoria Station. Admittedly the light was bad, but the pictures were worse, and the film ended up in a series of blurs, without any sound at all. But in all fairness we must admit that such lapses are rare.

IT may be that we are about to lapse too, for we must for once run diametrically counter to one or two of our critical colleagues. We refer to Fred O'Donovan's production of *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, adapted by John Keir Cross from Robert Louis Stevenson's classic story. It is so long since we read the original that the literary merits or demerits of the adaptation do not concern us, and we are able to consider the offering purely as a piece of television entertainment. Viewed in that light, it succeeded admirably—in fact, we propose to go further and say that it was one of the most exciting evenings we have spent in front of the screen. Though Alan Judd and Desmond Llewelyn coped efficiently with the dual character, the real credit must go to the backroom boys. Designer James Bould achieved a remarkably sinister atmosphere with his sets, while the anonymous lighting engineer and the cameramen produced some really beautiful effects of light and deep shade. (When will television technicians be given the personal credits they deserve so well?) Producer O'Donovan, to whom goes this issue's "bouquet," set the acting in a melodramatic key, which perfectly suited the story and the period in which it was written.

Priestley's play, *Time and the Conways*, did not transfer well to the television medium. Perhaps if it had been adapted better, this ironical peep into the future of a rather tiresome family might have been moving. In point of fact, it was almost a televised stage production, with little or no movement, but lots and lots of talk. All the same, it held our attention, even if we did mutter: "For heaven's sake *do* something and stop yapping!"

TO restore better humour, let us turn to *Carissima*, a full-scale musical (words by Eric Maschwitz, notes by Hans May). This, because of the expense involved, is all too rare a type of production. We are all the happier, therefore, to be able to record that it was done really well. It is known that this show was originally produced in the theatre, but its adaptation for television, by author Maschwitz, was so thorough that no trace of stage technique remained discernible. The action moved swiftly from place to place, pausing long enough to give full value to the musical numbers, which were charming. Barbara Kelly, who up to date has been typed as a comedienne, sprang quite a surprise on us by proving that she is also a most accomplished straight actress. In the rôle of Lisa Marvin, tough American businesswoman who finds that she is human in spite of her ideas to the contrary, she achieved a fine characterisation. Opposite her, Norman Lawrence—as the glamorous operatic star who humanises Lisa—sang well and acted just a bit better than most singers do. Also let us pay tribute to Walton Anderson, who produced this complicated piece with pace and a sure hand. Altogether a very pleasant Saturday night's viewing.

* * * *

Still the breakdowns in transmission go on. Pictures disappear from the screen, white flashes blind the viewer, the sound fades and swells. We refuse to accept that, in every case, these annoyances are unavoidable. We could also do without continuous studio background noises, which are on the increase again.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE

Fred O'Donovan: For his particularly exciting production of *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. In this, his one-camera technique generated an almost unbearable tension, especially in a brilliant tracking shot through two rooms.

"THE MEN."—Deals with a grim subject in a dry, clear-sighted way. The acting is first-class, with an outstanding performance by Everett Sloane as the doctor (right, above). Also in picture are Marlon Brando and Teresa Wright in the two other leading rôles.

FILMS IN BRIEF

"MR. MUSIC."—Bing Crosby as an idly successful composer of musical shows, who is badgered into work and love by his comely graduate-secretary Nancy Olson. Silly, but quite smooth and tuney.

"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE."—More than slightly embarrassing Hollywood whimsy about an angel who is commissioned to rectify the barren marriage of a tedious earthly couple. With Clifton Webb, Edmund Gwenn, Joan Bennett, Robert Cummings.

"TWO WEEKS WITH LOVE."—Innocuous but undistinguished Technicolor musical, set in New York of 1913, with Jane Powell letting loose some songs of the time between girlish dreams of wearing her first corsets.

"KISS TO-MORROW GOODBYE."—A gangster melodrama to end gangster melodramas, no wallop spared. If James Cagney goes on over-acting like this, the title could be prophetic.

"HARRIET CRAIG."—A second version of a pre-war film called *Craig's Wife*; enjoyable but not quite so good as the first. Joan Crawford has the name-part, with Wendell Corey as her house-trained husband, both seen above.

★ ★ ★ AT THE

REVIEWS *by C. A. LEJEUNE*

"THE MEN"

THE MEN is a film that will hit you with the shock of the first dive into a winter-cold sea, and don't make any mistake about it. This is not a film to be sought out on a day when you're looking for pleasant, easy entertainment. It deals with a grim subject in a dry and extraordinarily clear-sighted way. It involves adult agonies and invites adult reception. The Warning must be given. Accept it, and you will find the experience, I think, well worth half-a-dollar; for *The Men*, given and taken responsibly, is not really distressing; but turns out to be a remarkably sane, sensitive and inspiriting picture.

It is a picture about paraplegics—which is the fancy science word for people who are paralysed in the lower limbs. The scene is a war veterans' hospital in California. Forty-five patients of that very real and very valuable institution help out the professional actors, and most of the playing is done from beds and wheel-chairs.

The hero is a handsome army lieutenant who has been brought to the hospital with a bullet in his spine. Unlike the majority of the patients, who come in time to adjust themselves to the physical and spiritual implications of their disability, and are often gay and crudely but healthily realistic, this one refuses to adjust himself to the bad trick fate has played him. He lies in bed and broods; he makes no attempt to co-operate with the doctor; he declines to see his fiancée, or any of the people from his old life; the life in which he was a whole man, and could marry and have children. For months and years he lies wallowing in his gloom, until the very realistic doctor prescribes the most drastic methods to cure his mind, if not his body. The end of the film shows him as a citizen of the world again; still crippled, but not warped, with a wife and a home and a future to live for.

The acting is first-class, both from professionals and amateurs, with the authentic bright ring of honesty. Marlon Brando, a stage actor from Broadway—he played the husband in the American theatre version of *A Streetcar Named Desire*, and has been signed to play in the film version—could scarcely be improved on as the paralysed hero; and Teresa Wright, as the girl who wants to marry him, able or disabled, manages a difficult part without any suggestion of stickiness. But the outstanding performance of the film is that of Everett Sloane, as a patient doctor who knows better than to wear his heart on his sleeve, and has one aspect that he keeps to himself, and one to face the world with. Any film that can educe such integrity of acting deserves a high salute.

★

"HARRIET CRAIG"

SEVERAL years before the war, you may remember, there appeared a curiously astute and vivid little film called *Craig's Wife*, with Rosalind Russell and John Boles. It was based on a Pulitzer prize winning play, and was about a woman who put her house before her husband so consistently that in the end she lost one and was left quite alone with the other. *Craig's Wife* was rated one of the better pictures of the year by most good judges, and it is a disappointment to find the current Hollywood version, *Harriet Craig*, dropping from the *alpha* class into the *beta*.

Nevertheless, there is still a lot in the film to enjoy, chiefly the fun of identifying Mrs. Craig with all sorts of tiresome housewives that we know. This exercise, pursued publicly, would lay us open to a charge of libel or slander, but pursued in secret it can be extraordinarily satisfactory, particularly when it comes to the point of imagining Mrs. So-and-So getting her deserts—what the Americans call her "comeuppance." The type is universal, and you will recognise it on sight; the woman who can't come into a room without plumping the cushions, opening or shutting a window, pointing out a spot of tobacco-ash on the carpet, moving an ornament one inch to the left or one inch to the right, polishing an already highly polished table.

So long as it sticks to the faithful representation of such a woman, *Harriet Craig* does a good job. The first film version did. But the new one is over-eager. In order to point the moral inescapably, it makes Harriet all sorts of things besides an ordinarily selfish and house-proud woman, a domestic Simon Legree, flaying the members of her household unmercifully. It makes her ruin her husband's career by blackening his character to his employer. It makes her a pathological case, who detests all men because of some childish complex about her father.

The thicker they lay on the attributes of Mrs. Craig the more they weaken the structure of the picture. Rosalind Russell, in the first version, was a real woman, although a tiresome and misguided one. Joan Crawford, in a mannish hair-do, pearl ear-drops, six-inch heels and lots and lots of dresses, mostly tricked out with fussy bobbles, bows and other attachments, never gets nearer to life than an advertisement in the glossies. Wendell Corey, as the rebelliously house-trained husband, does remarkably well, I thought, and wins all the sympathy for his side—although I couldn't help feeling that he must have married the lady in a moment of aberration.

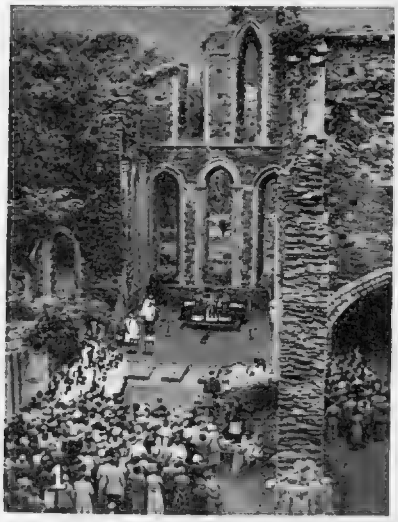
CINEMA ★ ★ ★

PREVIEW

HARVEY, the fantasy-comedy by Mary Chase which made such a stage hit in America and subsequently over here, has now been filmed. James Stewart takes the part of Elwood P. Dowd, the man whose constant companion is a 6-ft.-tall invisible rabbit. Josephine Hull, Peggy Dow and Charles Drake have the other leading rôles. The film will have its London première at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on December 20.

On the right: Elwood P. Dowd (James Stewart) pauses to admire the oil painting of himself and his "invisible" rabbit companion, Harvey.

Below: Elwood P. Dowd introduces the invisible Harvey to his sister, Veta Simmons (Josephine Hull; centre), Miss Kelly (Peggy Dow) and Dr. Sanderson (Charles Drake).



1—The service in the ruins of Vulle Crucis Abbey at the International Eisteddfod, Llangollen.
2—Outside Clarence House on the birth of Princess Anne.
3—Hampstead Heath : the Anglo-Norwegian ski-jumping competitions.
4—A glimpse of Princess Margaret at Sadler's Wells' "coming-of-age."
5—At the Royal Garden party, Buckingham Palace, July 13.
6—The Open Golf Championship at Troon, Ayrshire ; Bobby Locke was putting.
7—Final Test match at the Oval : England *v.* West Indies.

DID YOU

(Solutions to crowd

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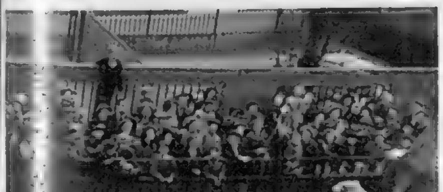

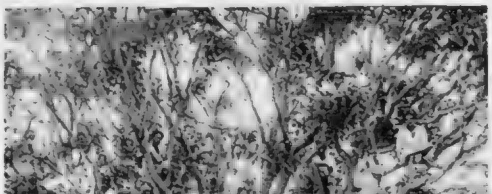

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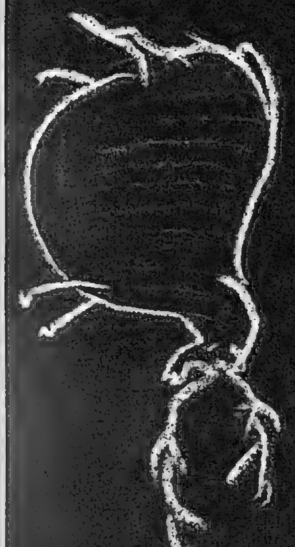
PLACE THEM?

pictures on Pages 550-553)

8—First day of the Eton *v.* Harrow cricket match.
9—The Derby: coming round Tattenham Corner.
10—Roll-call, Harrow. "Boaters" compulsory for the first time post-war.
11—Downing Street: waiting to see Mr. Winston Churchill arrive.
12—Transport drivers voting for a return to work, at Victoria Park, Bethnal Green.
13—At the Zoo: Brumas wouldn't show herself.
14—Watching the M.C.C. *v.* Ceylon cricket match.
15—Girl Guides at a sing-song when Princess Margaret was present.

HERE are some rather unusual dishes chosen to keep the tummy in a constant state of surprise and excitement this Christmastide.

★



CHESTNUT SOUP

For this Italian version of a delicious soup, the carcase of a roasted pheasant will come in handy. Roast some chestnuts, or boil them if you prefer it, peel them and toss them in a little butter, simmering them afterwards in meat stock until they are tender. Then pound them up finely, rub through a hair sieve, and moisten with a thin *purée* made from the flesh remaining on the carcase. Croûtons of fried bread or potato should be handed with this, and the soup can, if liked, be enriched with a little cream, but not much or the flavour will cloy.

CRAB FRITTERS

Flake up some crab meat, season it with salt and pepper (perhaps a touch of cayenne ?) and mix it with some frying batter. Drop by spoonfuls in deep hot fat, and when the fritters are cooked and drained hand a light mustard sauce with them, French instead of English mustard having been used in the making of it.

SMOKED SALMON TART

One of the most notable dishes of its kind that I have ever tasted, and everyone should make it at least once : Line a flan-case with short-crust pastry. Beat up lightly, as if for an omelette, four whole eggs and two yolks, mix with them three-quarters of a pint of fresh cream, season with a little salt (but be careful, and taste the smoked salmon first), pepper, and grated nutmeg, and pour this mixture into the flan-case. Scatter over the top some small dabs of butter, and add enough thin slices of smoked salmon to cover the cream completely. Bake in a very hot oven for thirty-five minutes, and serve immediately, or the salmon will get tough. This may sound extravagant. It is ; but it is worth every penny !

BEEFSTEAK WITH OYSTERS

The steaks should be *tournedos* size ; cut each one nearly through across, so as to make a pocket, and insert in this one or two plump oysters. Then grill the steaks as they are, and serve, handing a little Hollandaise sauce with them, or a Béarnaise sauce, if you prefer it.

PARSNIP CHIPS

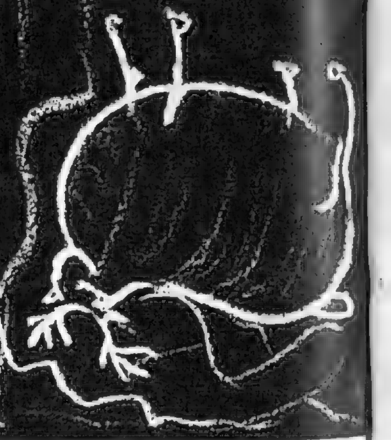
Astonish your friends (pleasantly) by giving them chips of uncooked parsnips fried exactly as if they were potatoes. A suggestion for the next roast chicken.

MINCEMEAT WHIRLS

Roll out some baking powder biscuit dough to a rectangle a quarter of an inch thick ; spread it with mincemeat, and roll up like a roly-poly. Put it into a greased baking-pan, seam side downwards, and pour into the pan three-quarters of a breakfastcupful of golden syrup or treacle mixed with an equal quantity of water. Bake in a hot oven for about twenty minutes. This can be served as it is, and eaten hot, or it can be allowed to get cold, and then served cut in slices ('' whirls '').

★

They are all chosen from Good Food Again, *by Ambrose Heath, published by Faber and Faber at 10s. 6d.*



Christmas at Mappin's

To give pleasure not only on Christmas Day but for many a day to come, choose a gift of Mappin quality.

In our well-known ranges of Jewellery Gold, Watches, Clocks, Sterling Silver and Fine Leather, there is no lack of opportunity for munificence; but you will also find many suggestions for gifts no less notable in quality but encouragingly modest in price—particularly in our displays of Mappin Plate and Fancy Goods.

For those who cannot visit us, we have prepared a little book of Gift Ideas from whose pages you may order with confidence. We shall be pleased to send you a copy if you would like one.

MAPPIN AND WEBB LIMITED.

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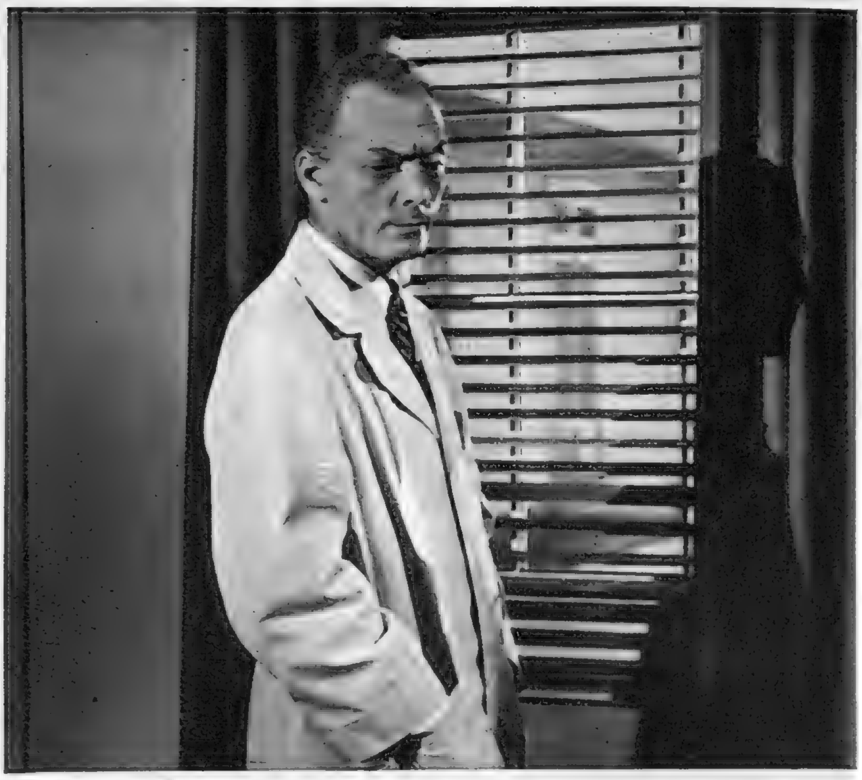
LITERATURE.—Sir Duff Cooper: For his quiet and tender study of an unsuccessful soldier, *Operation Heartbreak.*

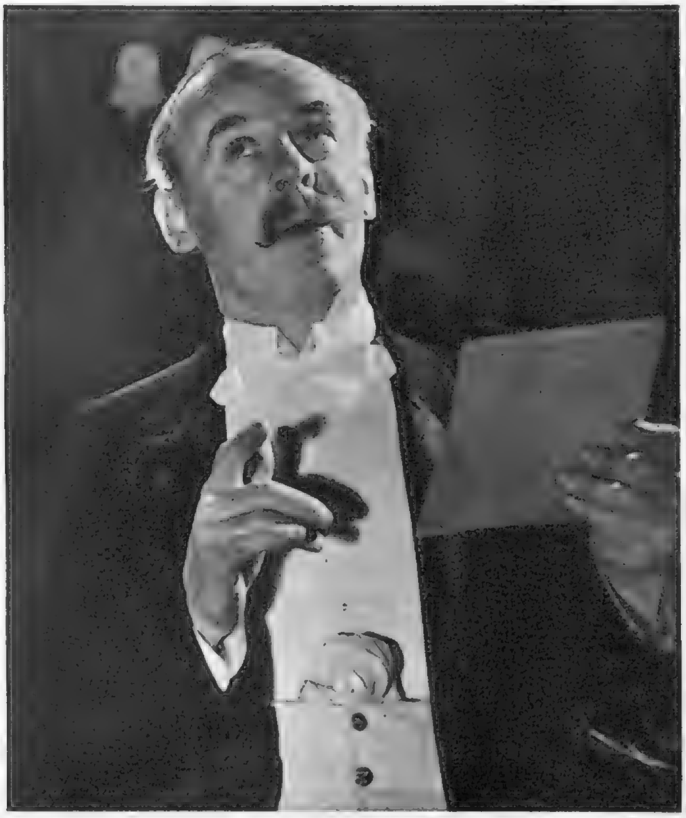


SCREEN.—Everett Sloane: A great American character actor from the Orson Welles group, who has been quietly scoring in films for years; and now, as the cynical, practical and altogether human hospital doctor in *The Men*, teaches all the young ones the business of disciplined acting.

C. A. Lejeune

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts



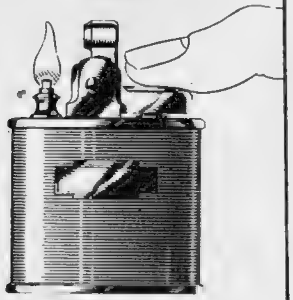
STAGE.—Reginald Purdell: for his enjoyable alarm and despondency (by George!) as the employer who kisses the governess in Pinero's *Preserving Mr. Panmure* at the Arts.

J. C. Trewin

RADIO.—Lilian Duff: For "Continental Cabaret"—a programme of records which is more alive than most "live" broadcasts.

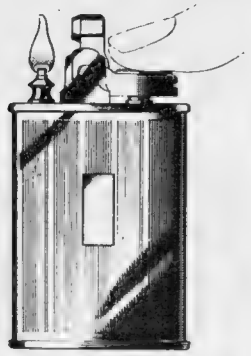
Frederick Laws

Press, it's lit — Release, it's out!



RONSON STANDARD

Inexpensive but well-bred. This popular, good-looking Ronson always wins admiration.
From **38/6**

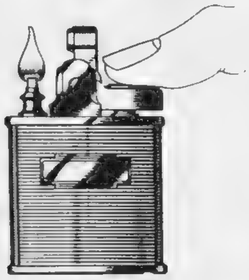


RONSON SUPER SPORTS

Heavy smokers (pipe smokers, too) please note. This Ronson has extra fuel capacity–more lights per fill. From **50/-**

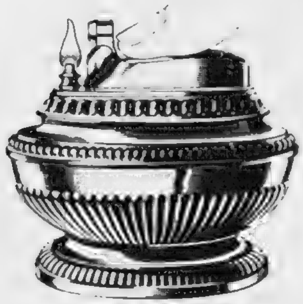
RONSON ADONIS

Slim as a fine watch, slips elegantly into handbag or waistcoat pocket —perfect for the smart occasion.
From **50/-**



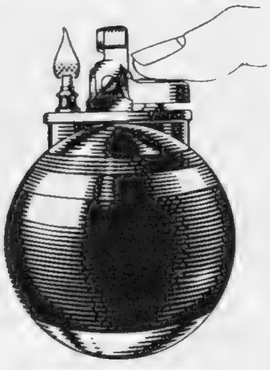
RONSON PRINCESS

If you want to be long remembered by a lady, give her this Ronson Princess. A variety of finishes. From **38/6**



RONSON QUEEN ANNE TABLE LIGHTER

This beautiful lighter, finished in rich, heavy silver plate, will grace your most handsome rooms. For those who love good things here is the perfect gift. **4 gns.**



RONSON RONDELIGHT

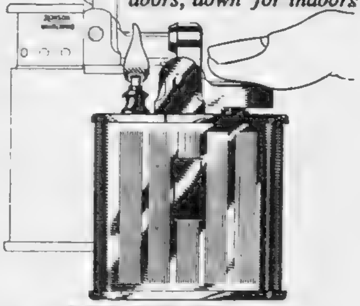
This new, sleek desk-lighter is specially balanced–can't be knocked over, always rolls back to upright position. From **52/6**

"Eeny meeny miny mo - put a RONSON in the toe"

A constant reminder of you!

YOU GIVE a wonderful gift when you give a Ronson—so rich-looking, so beautiful, and so practical. Precision-built like a watch, every Ronson has the famous one-finger, one-motion safety action—lights first time, every time, and lasts for years! A real joy to give, and *what* a joy to get! See the complete Ronson range at leading jewellers, tobacconists, and stores.

Windshield—up for outdoors, down for indoors



RONSON WHIRLWIND

Lights in the breezy outdoors, lights suavely indoors, too.
From **43/6**

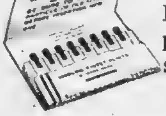
He's on tour for Ronson in the film "Lighter Moments," showing in 1,500 cinemas.

RONSON

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION—LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK RONSON

Double the pleasure of a Ronson gift—include these two, too!



Ronson Firebronze (Regd. Trade Mark) Flints, neatly packed in snug, waistcoat pocket-sized plastic holder–they always spark right from the start. 8 flints 1/-

Ronsonol, the instant-flash lighter fuel, burns clean as can be, keeps your new (or old) lighter spotless—and odourless.

WHAT GOES ON

Our Puppets Select Their List of Coming Events

★ *This List went to Press last week, so please check with the Daily Papers.*

CEREMONY

The King and Queen attend a performance of "Twelfth Night" at the Old Vic, on Dec. 6.

The King visits the Smithfield Show at Earl's Court on Dec. 7, and later dines with the officers of the Royal Artillery at their headquarters.

The Queen attends the Royal Philharmonic Society's Concert at the Royal Albert Hall on Dec. 13.

CUPID

The engagement is announced between:

Pierre, son of M. and Mme. Z. **Langlais**, of Quebec City, and the Hon. Joanna **Money-Coutts**, daughter of Lord and Lady Latymer, of Cinderhill Farm, Mayfield, Sussex.

Major Patrick Tobias **Telfer-Smollett**, M.C., The Highland Light Infantry, son of Major-Gen. Alexander Telfer-Smollett, and the late Mrs. Telfer-Smollett, of Bonhill, Cameron House, Loch Lomond, and Georgina, only child of Sir Gifford and the Hon. Lady **Fox**, of Towersey Manor, Thame, Oxon.

Captain Alexander Keith **Maitland**, The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, son of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Ramsey and Lady Maitland, of Burnside, Forfar, and Lavender Mary, daughter of the late F. W. **Jackson**, and of Mrs. Jackson of Kirkbuddo.

Lord **Waterpark**, son of Enid Maude Countess of Kenmare, of Villa Fiorintina, St. Jean Cap-Ferrat, Alpes Maritimes, and the late Brig.-General Frederick Cavendish, and Daniele, daughter of M. and Mme. **Guirche**, of Avenue Bugeaud, Paris.

Lieut.-Commander Michael Joseph **Nall**, R.N., son of Colonel Sir Joseph and Lady Nall, of Hoveringham Hall, Notts., and Angela Loveday, daughter of Air Chief Marshal Sir Alec and Lady **Coryton**, of Langton Matravers, Dorset.

Timothy, son of Vice-Admiral Sir Desmond and Lady **McCarthy**, of Three Elms, Horsell Rise, Woking, and Anne, daughter of Major-General and Mrs. C. H. Tindall **Lucas**, of Northwood, Stevenage, Herts.

SPORT

RACING

Dec. 8, 9.		Warwick and Windsor.
"	9.	Catterick Bridge.
"	11, 12.	Birmingham.
"	13, 14.	Sandown Park.
"	15, 16.	Lingfield Park and Newcastle.
"	18.	Southwell.

HUNT BALLS

Dec. 8: The Eridge Hunt Ball at the Assembly Hall, Tunbridge Wells. The High Peak Hunt Ball at the Spa Hotel, Buxton.

Dec. 12: The York and Ainsty (North) Hunt Ball at the Hotel Majestic, Harrogate.

Dec. 15: The Meynell Hunt Ball at Kedleston Hall, Derbyshire. The East Essex Hunt Ball, at the Shire Hall, Chelmsford.

Dec. 22: The Oakley Hunt Ball in the Great Hall of Bedford School.

Dec. 29: The Hampshire Hunt Wire Fund Ball at the Guildhall, Winchester. The New Forest Buckhound Hunt Ball at the Royal Bath Hotel, Bournemouth. The Blackmore Vale Hunt Ball at the Boys' School, Sherborne.

ENTERTAINMENT

Christmas shows often become booked up far ahead, so here we offer suggestions and advance information about holiday entertainments for different age-groups.

PANTOMIMES AND CIRCUSES

Bertram Mills's Circus at Olympia begins on Dec. 19.

"Dick Whittington on Ice" (Empire Pool, Wembley)—with a cast of international skating and pantomime stars. Dec. 19.

"Goody Two Shoes" (London Casino)—with Arthur Askey. Dec. 20.

"Beauty and the Beast" (Westminster)—a Christmas fairy story. About Dec. 20.

Tom Arnold's 4th annual Mammoth Circus show at Harringay. Dec. 21.

"Charley's Aunt" (Saville)—34th London season. Dec. 21.

"Babes in the Wood on Ice" (Empress Hall, Earls Court). Dec. 21.

"Peter Pan" (Scala)—Margaret Lockwood again as Peter. Dec. 21.

"The Silver Curlew" (Fortune)—Eleanor Farjeon's fairy-story. Dec. 22.

"Babes in the Wood" (Palladium)—with Adele Dixon, Jewel and Warriss, and Sonnie Hale. Dec. 23.

"Mother Goose" (Princes)—with Ethel Revnell, Hy Hazell and Billy Russell. Dec. 23.

"Aladdin" (King's, Hammersmith)—with Clarkson Rose. Dec. 23.

"Where the Rainbow Ends" (Stoll)—matinees only. Dec. 23.

"The Black Arrow" (Old Vic)—by Robert Louis Stevenson. Dec. 26.

"Maskelyne's Mysteries" (Comedy)—from Dec. 26.

"The Christmas Tree" (New Boltons)—from Jan. 2.

TEEN-AGE SHOWS

"Take It From Us" (Adelphi)—Joy Nichols, Jimmy Edwards and Dick Bentley, in revue.

"Ace of Clubs" (Cambridge)—Noël Coward's musical thriller, with Pat Kirkwood and Graham Payn.

"Worm's Eye View" (Comedy)—comedy about R.A.F. types; London's longest run.

"Carousel" (Drury Lane) — the famous Rodgers and Hammerstein musical from Broadway.

"Seagulls Over Sorrento" (Apollo)—comedy about sailors; with Ronald Shiner and William Hartnell.

"The Holly and the Ivy" (Duchess) — interesting Christmas family play, with Jane Baxter, Daphne Arthur and Herbert Lomas.

"Ring Round the Moon" (Globe)—a sophisticated fairy story, with Margaret Rutherford, Claire Bloom and Paul Scofield.

"King's Rhapsody" (Palace)—Ivor Novello's musical romance.

"Dear Miss Phœbe" (Phœnix)—period musical adapted from J. M. Barrie's "Quality Street."

"His Excellency" (Piccadilly)—Eric Portman as an ex-docker who becomes Governor of an island.

"Touch and Go" (Prince of Wales)—fast-moving American revue.

"Will Any Gentleman ?" (Strand)—Robertson Hare and Arthur Riscoe.

"Reluctant Heroes" (Whitehall)—farce about National Service in the Army.

MUSIC

At the Royal Albert Hall:

Handel's "Messiah" by the B.B.C. Choral Society and New London Orchestra, conducted by Leslie Woodgate, on Dec. 7.

Programme of Carols by the Bach Choir, the Jacques Orchestra conducted by Dr. R. Jacques, on Dec. 9.

Handel's "Messiah" by the Goldsmiths' Choral Union and the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Haggis, on Dec. 12.

Christmas Concert of Carols by the London Senior Orchestra conducted by Ernest Read and special choir of 500 voices, on Dec. 15.

Concert of Carols and Christmas music by the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Proctor, with the Alexandra Choir, Dec. 17.

Handel's "Messiah" by the London Philharmonic Choir, Dec. 19.

OPERA

At the Royal Opera House: Covent Garden Opera season continues. On Dec. 21 the first performance of "The Queen of Spades," with costumes and scenery by Oliver Messel. Guest conductor: Erich Kleiber.

At Sadler's Wells: The opera season continues.

BALLET

At Sadler's Wells: The ballet season continues. On Dec. 19 the first performance of a new production "Pastorale," by John Cranko.

At the Stoll Theatre: Festival Ballet with Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin, until Dec. 16.

ART

Royal Academy of Arts: "Holbein and Other Masters of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries" at Burlington House, W.1, from Dec. 9.

Victoria and Albert Museum: "Games and Pastimes" until Dec. 25.

"1950—Aspects of British Art" at Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17, Dover Street, Dec. 13.

Recent Paintings by Robert Colquhoun at Lefevre Gallery, 30, Bruton Street, W.1, until Dec. 30.

Royal Society of Portrait Painters—Annual Exhibition at R.I. Galleries, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall.

Some Contemporary British Painters at Wildenstein Gallery, 147, New Bond Street, until Dec. 22.

SOCIAL EVENTS

A Christmas Fair for the Blind of London at Park Lane Hotel, Dec. 11.

The Actresses' Birthday Party at the Dorchester, in aid of the Actresses' League and Women's Adjustment Board, on Dec. 12, from 3 to 6.

A Gala Performance of "Who is Sylvia ?" at the Criterion Theatre, in aid of a special appeal for the training-ship *Foudroyant*, on Dec. 12.

The Cresta Ball will be held at the Dorchester on Dec. 14.

A special performance of the pantomime "Goody Two Shoes" at the London Casino, in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors, on Dec. 19. Queen Mary will attend.

A Christmas Ball at the Savoy Hotel in aid of the Margaret McMillan Memorial Fund on Dec. 20. Geraldo's band will play and carols will be sung at midnight.

A ball at the Dorchester in aid of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association, on Dec. 20. The Earl and Countess Mountbatten of Burma will be present.

The Chelsea Arts Ball 1950 will be held at the Royal Albert Hall on Dec. 29. The theme of the ball is "Crystal Festival."

Drawn by Michael ffolkes.

[P.T.O.]

Drawn by Michael ffolkes.

"Here I go again, with my head through the same old hole in the wall just chewing holly and holding up paper-chains. . . . What the Elk?"

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"SKI-ING THIS YEAR?"

SKI-FANS should look now for suitable replenishments to their winter-sports wardrobes. Shortly, swarms of bright young things will be setting off for the snow slopes all over Europe and Scandinavia. The ski season is upon us.

Excellent advice to those starting out for the first time is to buy good serviceable clothing and equipment which will survive to see you through many winters ahead.

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At Simpsons, close at hand, you can find the two outfits in the photograph above, representative of a range of ski fashions glowing with colours to challenge the gayest of Tyrolean costumes.

By Elizabeth Penrose

DRY SKI SCHOOL

At Lillywhites in Piccadilly Circus the dry ski school, so successful last year, has been reopened, and will remain open until the end of January 1951. Miss Anni Maurer, the famous Swiss ski-ing instructress, will give lessons each evening during the week. A course of six will cost you 21s., and instructional exercises will do much to eliminate the agony of stiff muscles during the first days of your ski holiday.

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CHRISTMAS ELEGANCE

By
Elizabeth Penrose

If you 're young and gay, you 'll want to put your money on a dance dress, strapless probably, certainly décolleté. The narrow silhouette is appearing more and more among the bouffant dresses, and they need not be tight. This enchanting one by Phyllis Taylor was made for dancing. It is in white and gold embroidered faille and has the new petal bust-line. You can buy it at Harrods Younger Set Shop for about 18 guineas.

The white satin evening coat exquisitely worked with exotic Chen Yu dragons on cuffs and pockets is designed by Baroque. He used gold kid and coral beads for the lavish embroidery. At Harvey Nichols.

CHRISTMAS-TIME is the time for parties—parties at which your dress should reflect the gay and festive mood. Quite as memorable as the children's faces as they pull crackers at tea-time is the sight of a romantic evening dress in the light of flickering candles, the gleam of bare shoulders, the sheen of satin and soft velvets. There will be the Christmas table, traditional fare, sparkling glass, talk and laughter. And afterwards, your way home will be cheered by the comfort of mink, perhaps the *bonhomie* of hot punch.

If you entertain at home make your pick a gracious dress, luscious of fabric. Velvet is a good choice, or faille or taffeta enriched with velvet touches. Angéle Delanghe's gown of great dignity is in chocolate brown and blue brocade, with flounces cascading down the back. The skirt is cleverly rouched and cartridge pleated. With the elbow gloves and jewels, it is at Fortnum and Mason.

The loveliest possible wrap for after-dark is this cape in fine dark mink with cross-worked edges and stole ends. From the National Fur Company.

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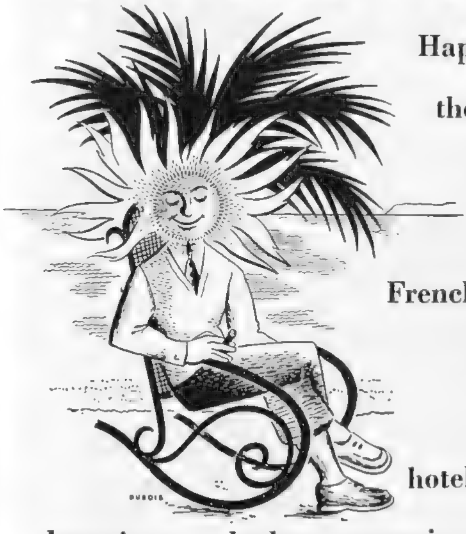

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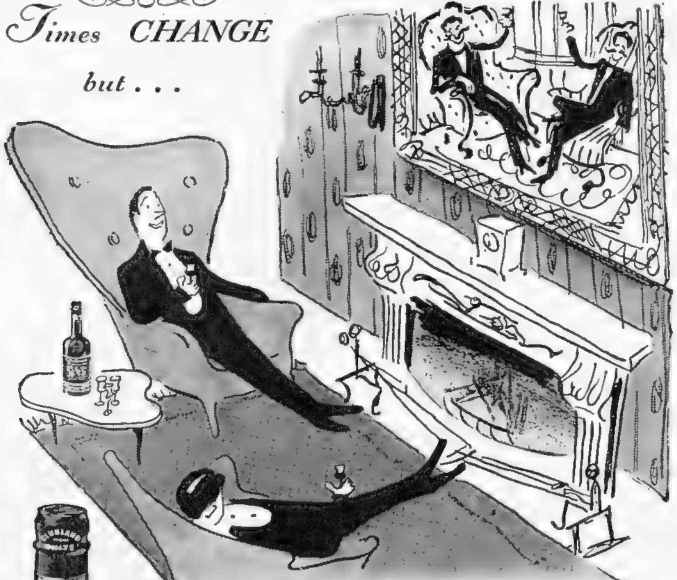

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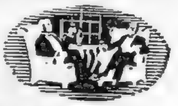

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"*A robin, sir, perched on a sprig of holly.*"

"How very original—Aunt Bessie will love it. Next please . . . "

"*I fancy it's an olive branch entwined in a lucky horseshoe. Should we reserve it for your tailor, sir ?*"

"Hawkins, your sense of humour borders on the macabre. Now choose one for the wealthy magnate who sends us gin to dilute our Rose's Lime Juice with . . . "

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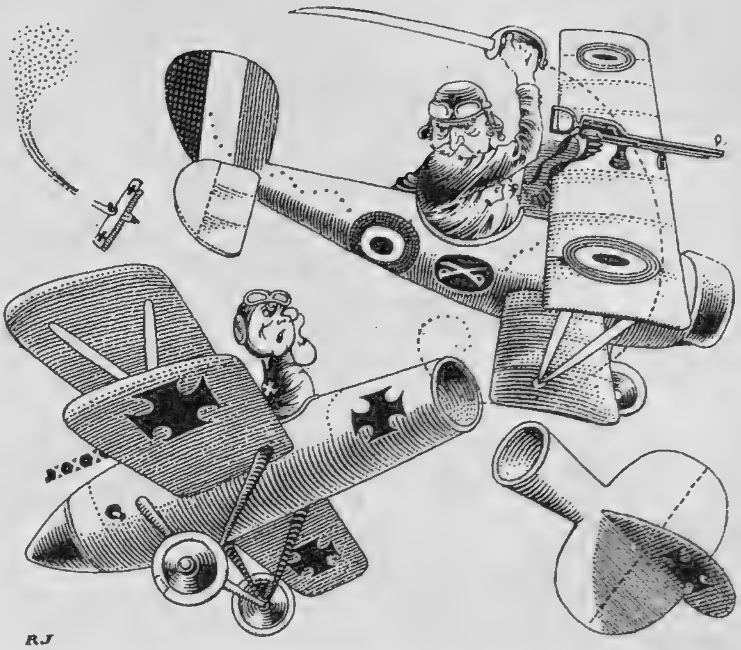

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"I was in the Royal Flying Corps during the 1914 war," declared the Baron.

"Oh, wizard show!" said the young Pilot Officer.

"I was alone," continued the Baron, "flying my Nieuport scout when I ran into a couple of German planes. I held my fire until I was within thirty yards of number one. I gave him a long burst. He went down. I closed up to number two. I pressed the trigger of my Lewis gun. The drum was empty! But all was not lost. By my side was my beautifully tempered Wilkinson sword. I zoomed up and with one stroke sliced off the enemy's rudder. Down he went."

"But.—" interposed the young Pilot Officer.

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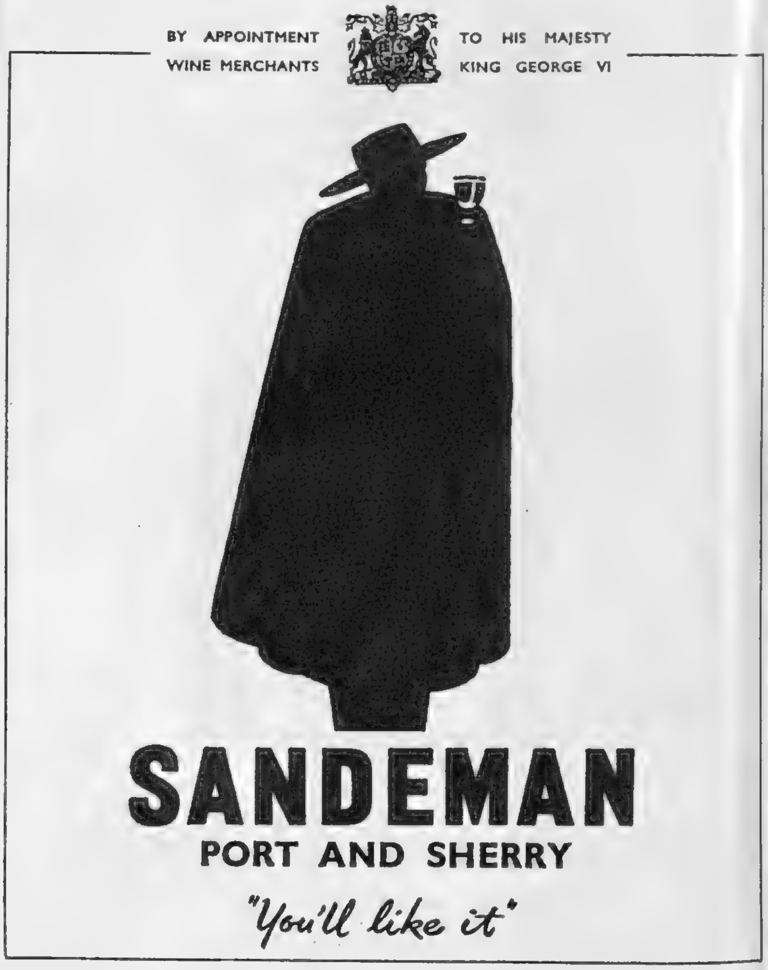
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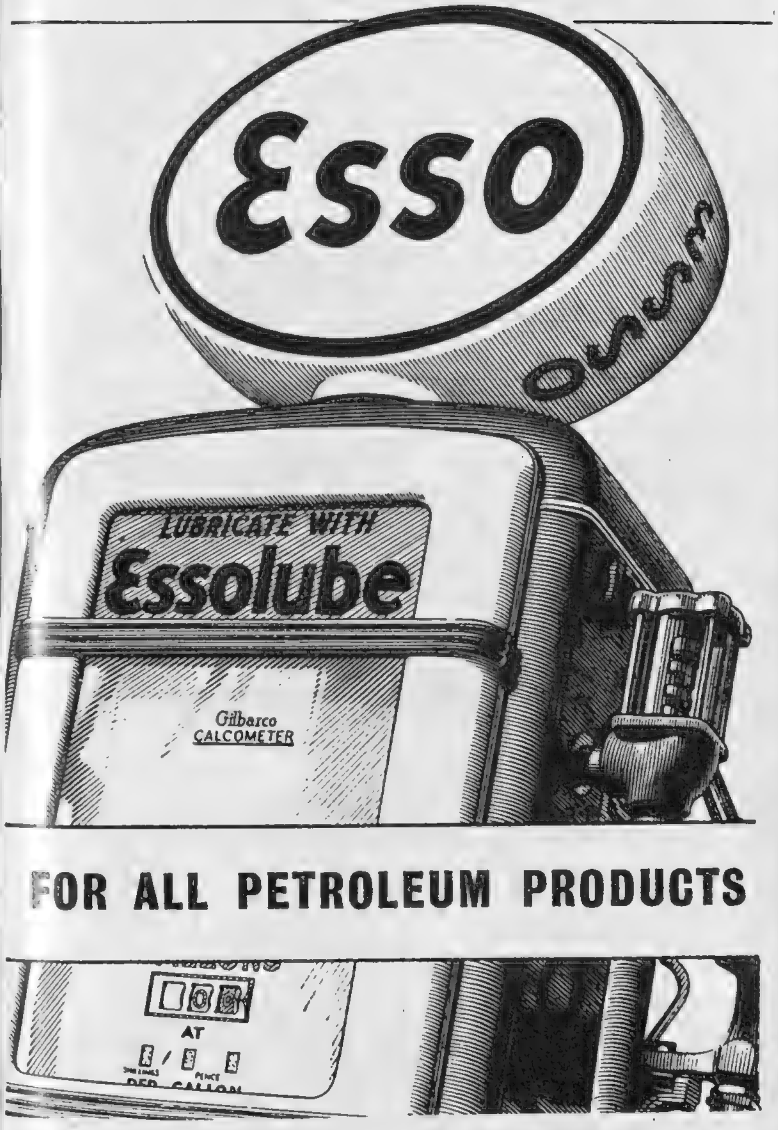

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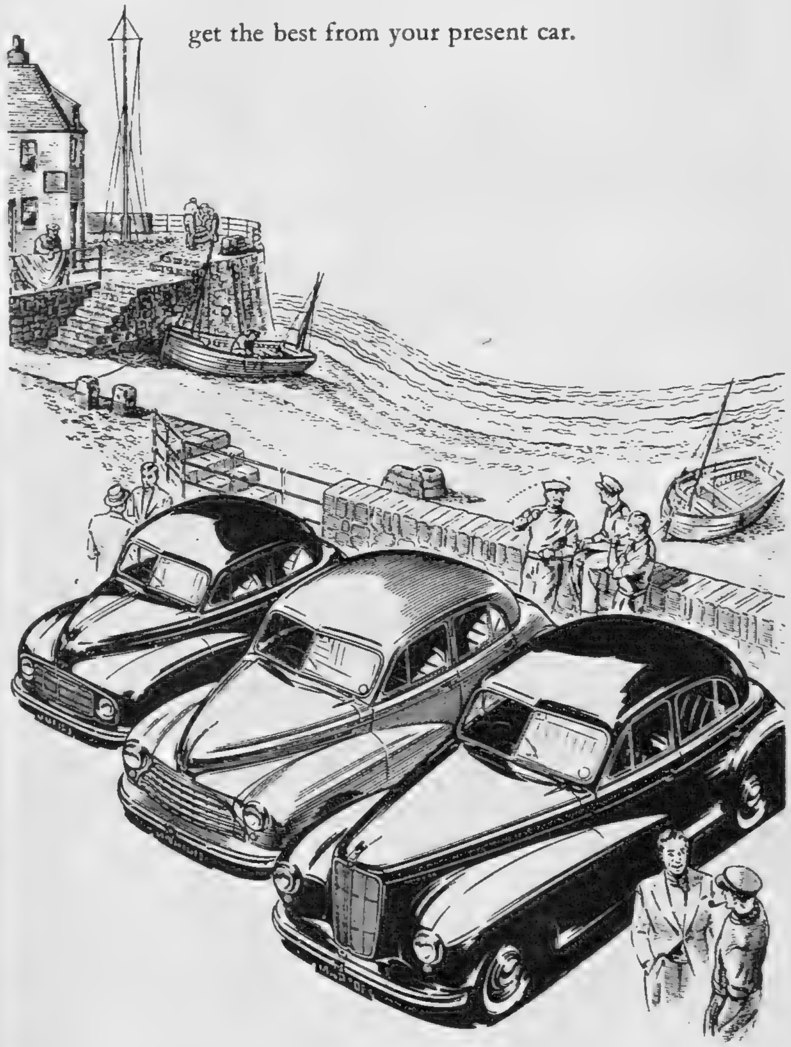

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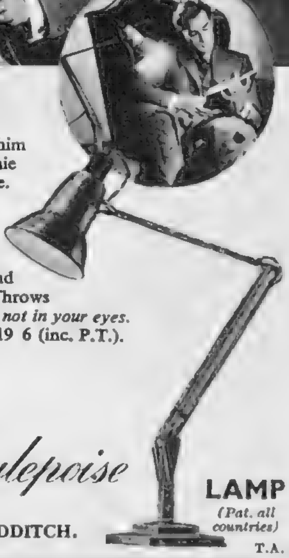

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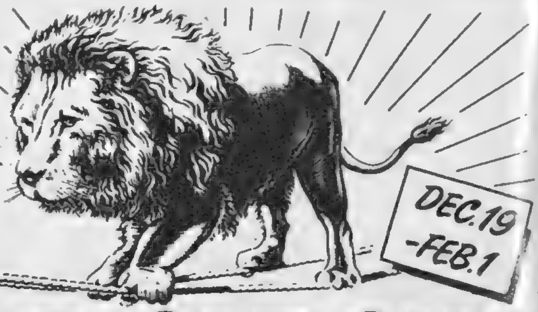

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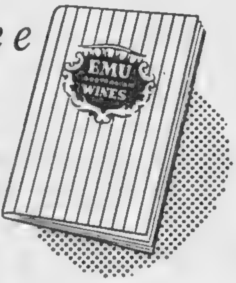

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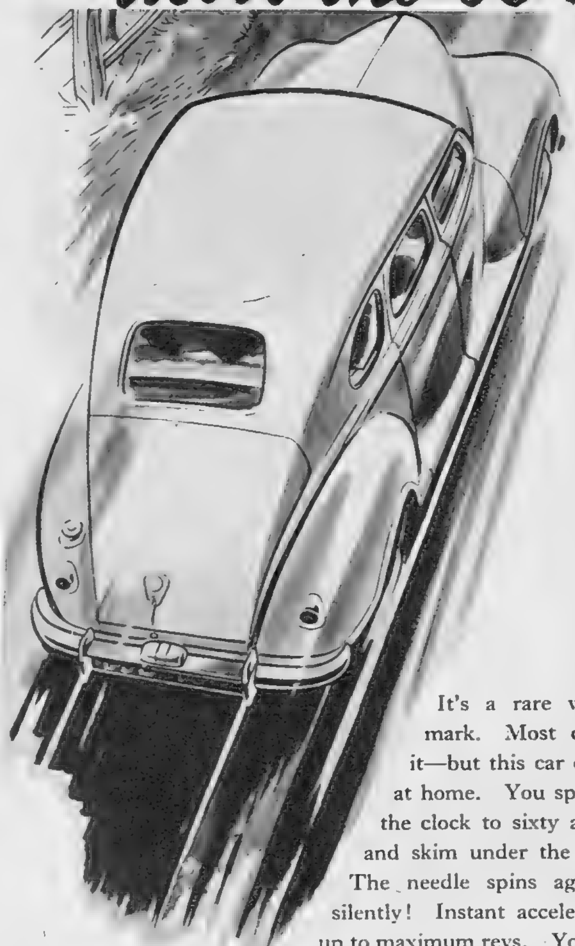
above the 60 mark



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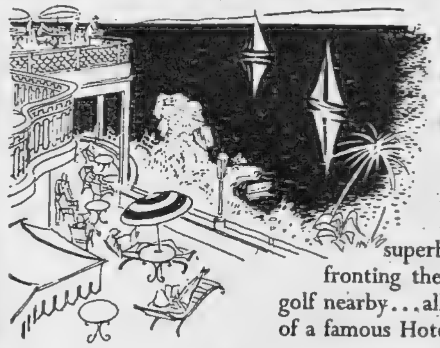

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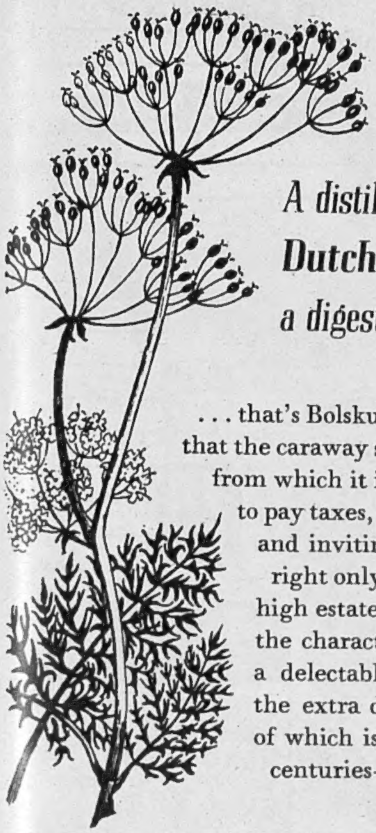

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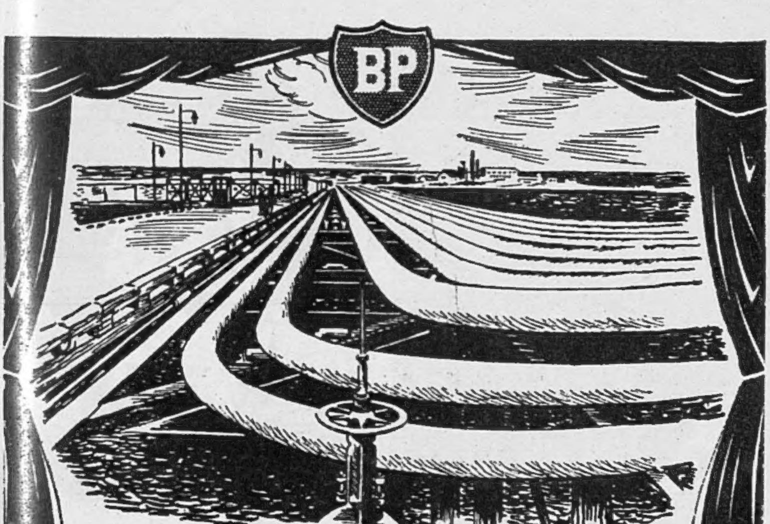

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Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Fortnightly at the Office, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Wednesday, December 6, 1950. Re-entered as Second-Class Matter, August 15, 1941, at the Post Office at New York (N.Y.), under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Postage Rates:—Inland 2d. Canada 1½d. Elsewhere Abroad 2½d.